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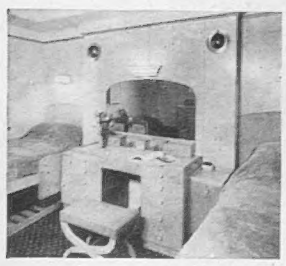

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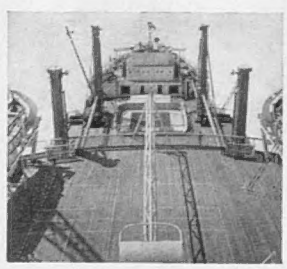
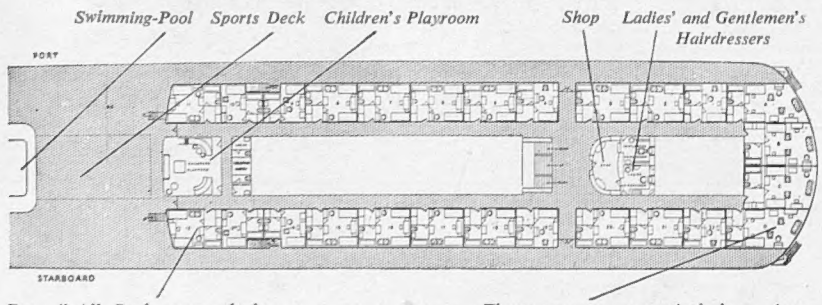


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool drawing-room and library.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



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Volume CCXLIV No. 3163

THE SPHERE

LONDON, January 14, 1961

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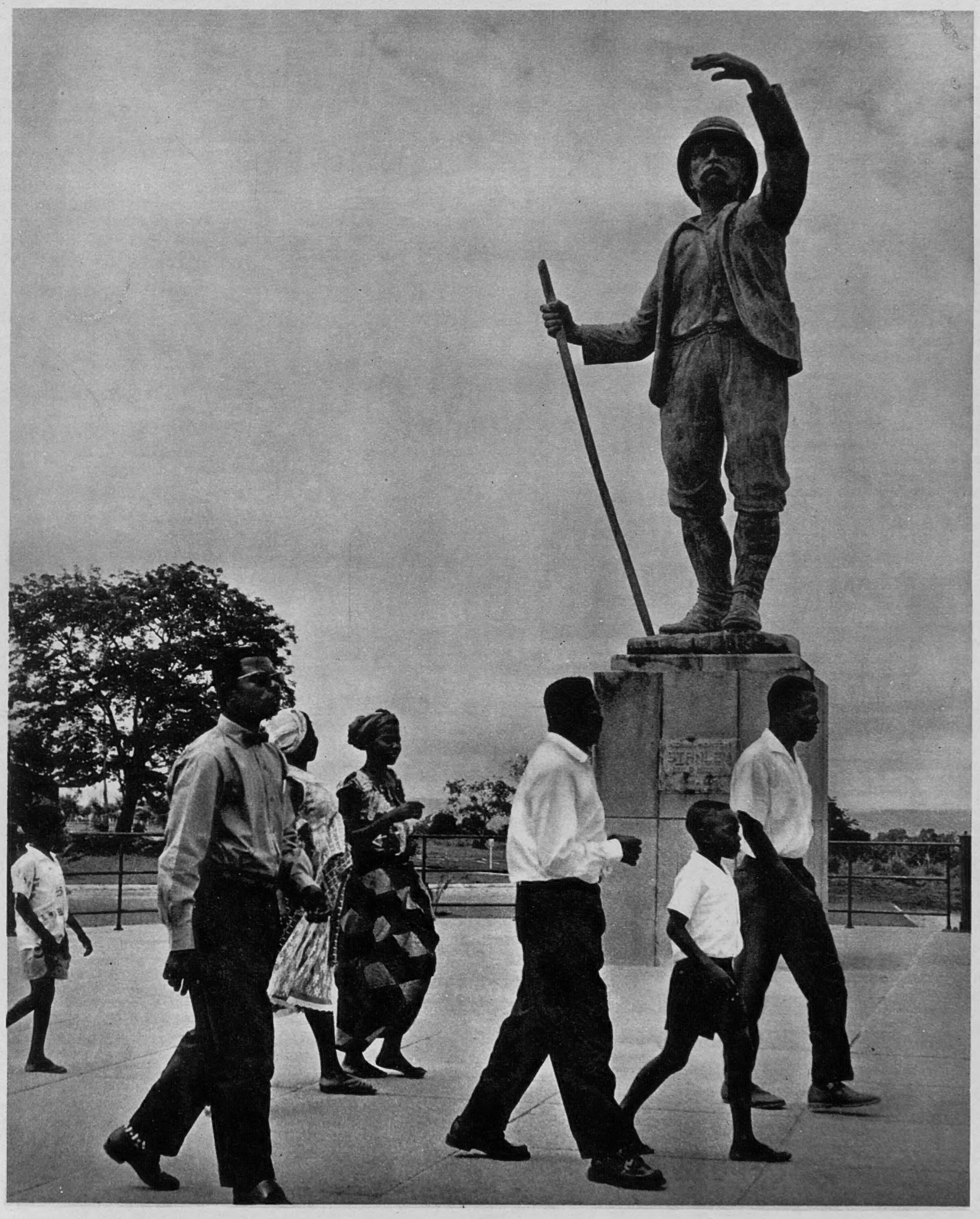

PAST AND PRESENT IN CONGO

Citizèns in Leopoldville stroll past the statue of the famous explorer H. M. Stanley, who led an expedition in Congo for five years from 1879. The "Darkest Africa" he described in his record of this exploration might well be considered bright in comparison with Congo to-day. Last week Mr. Hammarskjold spent two days in Leopoldville before going on to Pretoria. In the Congolese capital the United Nations Secretary-General conferred with President Kasavubu. Lumumba supporters demonstrated outside the U.N. headquarters and several people were beaten up. Over the north-east border of Congo, in Uganda, four British officers were arrested by a party of Congolese troops. The commander of the force admitted they had crossed the frontier in error and released the officers

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NEWS SUMMARY

Mr. Hammarskjold in South Africa; divisions among the new African states; the Laotian crisis; concern over Britain's motor industry; an American centenary

AFRICA

Mr. Hammarskjold flew from Congo to **Pretoria** on Friday of last week to start his visit to South Africa. He had preliminary talks with Dr. Verwoerd, the Union Prime Minister, and then went on by air to **Cape Town.** There the United Nations Secretary-General had a private meeting with the Union Council for Coloured Affairs, which is an advisory body set up by the Government. Mr. Hammarskjold's South African visit was a result of the Security Council's resolution of last April deploring the Union government's apartheid policies. He was expected to have further talks with Dr. Verwoerd early this week.

At the end of the **Casablanca** conference (see page 56) the seven states concerned agreed on the establishment of an African High Command of military chiefs of staff and on the withdrawal of their troops from the United Nations forces in Congo. Support was given to the recruitment of volunteers for an "Algerian liberation army." It seems clear that the Casablanca countries take a different view towards many African problems from the so-called Brazzaville nations. These are a number of the former French states in Africa which met in Brazzaville last month. On Congo, for instance, the Casablanca meeting was pro-Lumumba. The Brazzaville conference was in favour of round table talks between all the various Congolese leaders. There are also a number of African countries which are not committed to either of these two groups. Among them is Nigeria.

In **Accra** last Monday representatives of three nations—Ghana, Guinea and Mali—met to consider the political union of their countries, a common currency and a common bank. In **Lagos** at the end of its deliberations the African Conference on the rule of law adopted a resolution called the Law of Lagos and relating to fundamental human rights.

FAR EAST

There were indications last week-end that the Western Powers were hoping to solve the Laotion crisis by diplomatic means. In **London** it was considered of great importance to re-establish, as soon as possible the tripartite international commission of India, Poland and Canada, set up by the 1954 Geneva Conference. A Russian note from **Moscow** in December requested that the commission be reconvened. A number of diplomatic messages between Mr. Nehru and the British Government were reported. One stumbling block to the re-establishment of the commission was the position of the provisional Government of Prince Boun Oum. (This had been recognised by the Western allies, but not by the Communists or Neutralists, including Mr. Nehru, who still favoured Prince Souvanna Phouma, in exile in Cambodia.) According to reports from Washington Prince Boun Oum was not insisting on recognition from all eight of the parties to the 1954 Geneva Agreement, but had imposed conditions before agreeing to the Commission which were unacceptable to India. At the beginning of this week, two former Laotian Ministers flew to Cambodia to confer with Prince Souvanna Phouma.

In **Washington,** the U.S. State Department issued a White Paper on Laos: its main point was that the country can only remain independent if the non-Communist countries give her the assistance she requested. American aid to Laos started to flow in again.

There were conflicting reports from Vientiane over the military position in the Civil War. The Right-wing Army at the beginning of this week was reported to be consolidating its advance over the Plain of Jars in the North. Although the Left-wing forces of Captain Kong Lae and the Pathet Lao were still in a commanding position, reports that the Royal capital, **Luang Prabang,** had fallen were shown to be false by the return to it of King Savang Vatthana.

According to Tass in **Moscow,** the Soviet Union and Indonesia signed an agreement last week whereby Indonesia is buying from Russia "new material essential to the armed forces of the Republic." The Indonesian delegation was led by the Defence Minister, General Abdul Haris Nasution. It was widely believed that Indonesia was buying arms to strengthen her position over Dutch New Guinea, territory claimed by Indonesia and called West Irian. The Soviet Government has supported President Sukarno's demand for the "re-unification" of the territory with Indonesia.

The Raja of Perlis kisses the Kris of State during his installation as Paramount Ruler of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur

GREAT BRITAIN

Both management and trade union have expressed grave concern over the slump in the motor industry. A spokesman for Fords announced last week-end that over 16,000 workers would be going on a three-day week. He gave three reasons for the fall-off in demand—the off-peak buying period; hire purchase restrictions; and tougher competition abroad. At the British Motor Corporation's works, two-thirds of the 60,000 workers are on short time. Many of the leading manufacturers believe that the first six months of this year are going to be difficult.

At a conference organised last week-end in **Coventry** by the Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen and the Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives, and Technicians, a four-point short-term plan to solve the crisis was recommended: the Government should facilitate credit arrangements with other countries; credit and hire purchase restrictions should be eased; there should be intensified research into marketing requirements; and there should be a reduction in working hours, without loss of pay, in the face of rising output.

In the U.S., it has been estimated that 30,000 workers will have been laid off in the car industry by the end of this month, at a time when production of the 1961 models has started.

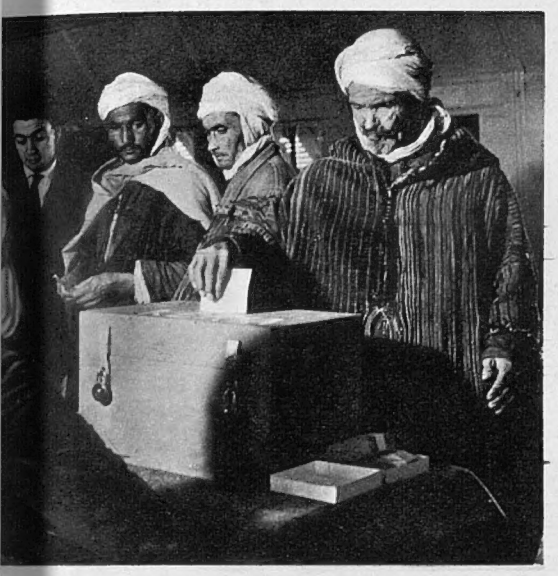
The talks on the affairs of East Africa were continued over the week-end at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence, in Buckinghamshire, when Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, was host to Sir Patrick Renison, Governor of Kenya; Sir Frederick Crawford, Governor of Uganda; Sir Richard Turnbull, Governor of Tanganyika, Sir George Mooring, British Resident in Zanzibar, and Mr. E. B. David, Administrator of the East Africa High Commission.

THE UNITED STATES

Last Monday, January 9, marked the opening of four years of ceremonies to commemorate the centenary of the American Civil War (known in the Deep South as the War between the States). After considering the question, the Centennial Commission came to the conclusion that the opening shots were fired on January 9, 1861.

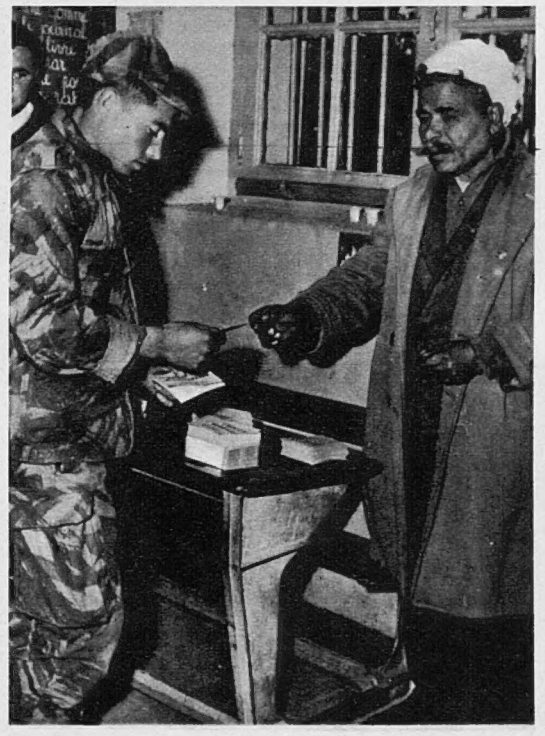
ITALY

Early this week in **Rome** it was expected that Mr. Khrushchev would shortly suggest definite dates for his visit to Italy. This will be in return for the visit made by President Gronchi to the Soviet Union in February of last year. In Vatican circles there is reported to be considerable speculation over whether the Pope will receive the Soviet Prime Minister.

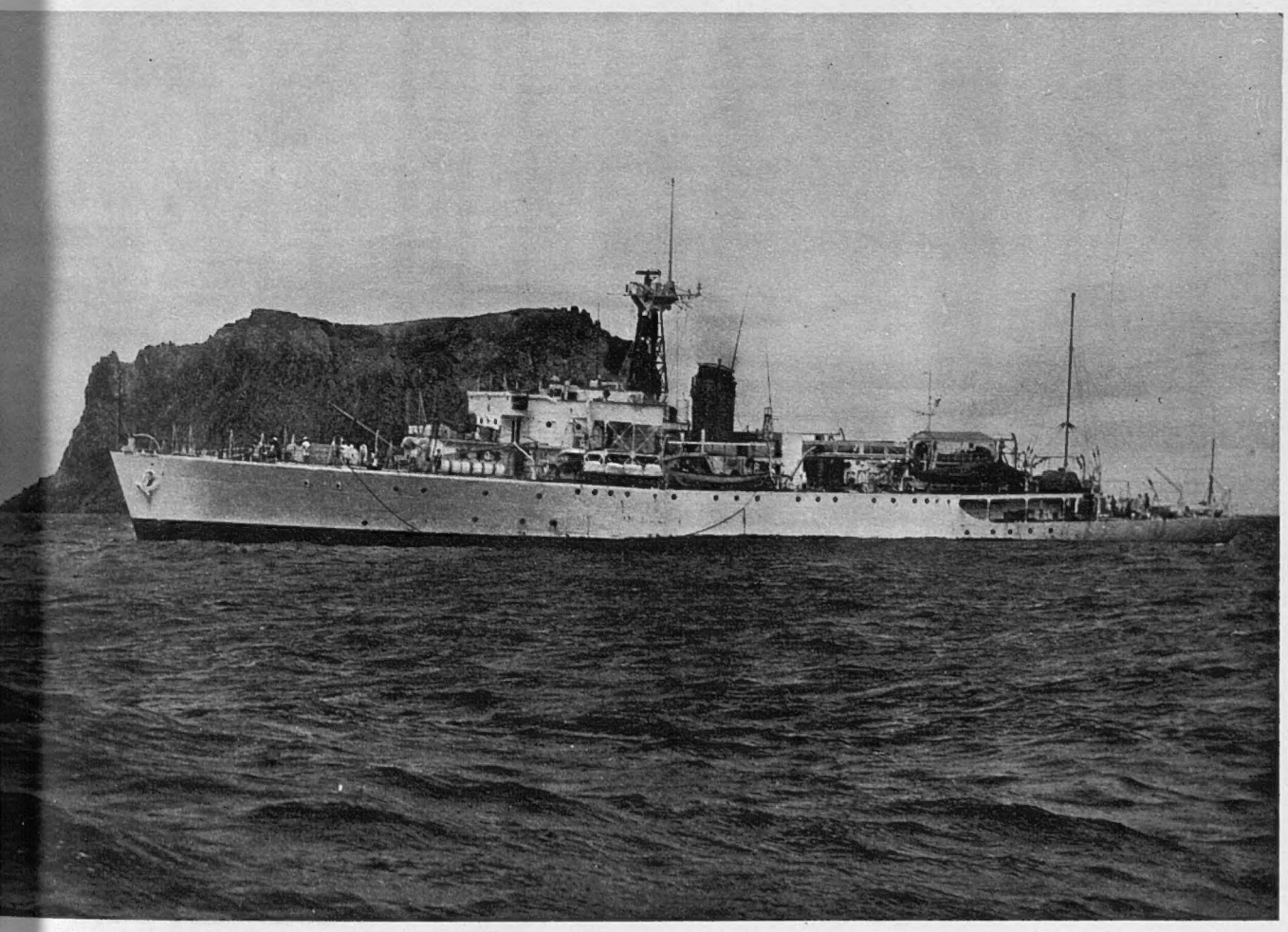


MUSLIMS VOTE IN ALGERIA

MARSHAL JUIN, BITTER ANTI-GAULLIST, POLLS IN PARIS



MUSLIM WOMEN RECORD THEIR ATTITUDE TO DE GAULLE'S POLICY; AND A VOTER NEAR ALGIERS



THE ROYAL NAVY IS FIRST TO LAND ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

In the French referendum, Metropolitan France voted last Sunday, January 8. The results showed that 56.7 per cent. of the voters polled "yes" in support of President de Gaulle's policy; 17.9 per cent. voted "no" and there were 25.4 per cent. abstentions. (In the referendum of September 1958 to approve de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, the figures were 66.5 per cent. "yes"; 17.5 per cent. "no" and 16 per cent. spoilt papers or abstentions.) In Algeria, voting began on Thursday of last week and continued for three days. Of the first, 1,265,000 votes counted, 925,637 were "yes" and 304,560 "no." In the large towns Muslims were reported to have abstained in considerable numbers and it was assumed that many European *Colons* had voted "no." Oran had a "no" majority. Forty-one people were stated to have been killed during the period of the polling in Algeria. Most commentators regarded the over-all result of the referendum as a victory for President de Gaulle. He had obtained a mandate to go ahead with his Algerian policy. Also he had received the vote of confidence in his leadership for which he had plainly asked in his broadcasts before referendum day. Support was especially strong for him in the industrial districts of northern France and in Normandy and Brittany, in the west. The question which the voters were asked to answer was whether they approved of the Draft Law concerning self-determination for the people of Algeria and the organisation of the public authorities in Algeria before self-determination. It was expected in Paris early this week that the President would soon announce his proposal for the length of the interim period before the Algerians vote to decide their future for themselves. This, it was presumed, could be either some form of association with France or complete independence. But in view of the attitude of the Right-Wing Settlers, who demand a continuation of integration with France, the possibility of partition could not be entirely ruled out

Left: The R.N. survey vessel in the South Atlantic, H.M.S. *Owen*, is seen in front of one of the uninhabited Martin Vaz islands, which belong to Brazil. A party of officers, ratings and civilian scientists from the 2,200-ton vessel succeeded in scrambling ashore from a surf boat onto the largest of the three islets. This was the first landing to be recorded on the islands, which are described in navigation manuals as inaccessible. They are situated some 650 miles east-north-east of Rio de Janeiro. H.M.S. *Owen*, is commanded by Commander P. D. Hall, D.S.C. She was on her way to undertake hydrographic work in S. Georgia

WARNING TO TRAITORS IN THE CAPITAL OF JORDAN

The bodies of four men found guilty of complicity in last year's bomb plot hang in a square in Amman. They were a newspaper distributor, an officer of the Engineer Corps, a Government employee and a Palestinian Arab refugee. In the trial before the State Security Tribunal seven others were found guilty *in absentia*. Among them were two officers of the Syrian military intelligence and a Jordan merchant living in Damascus. One man, Muneeb el Madi, a former director of the Press and Information Bureau in Amman, was acquitted. Last August the Cabinet offices in the Jordanian capital were blown up by a bomb. Hazza Majali, the Prime Minister, and eleven other people were killed. It was believed that the plot was aimed against King Hussein's life

Right: President Nasser is welcomed to Casablanca by King Mohammed of Morocco (right) and Crown Prince Moulay Hassan. The President of the U.A.R. had arrived on his first visit to Morocco to attend a conference on the Congolese problem convened by King Mohammed. Other nations represented were Ghana, Ceylon, Guinea, Mali, and Libya. Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Nationalist leader and Head of the Provisional Government for Algeria, was also present at the talks. The main subject of discussion was understood to be the United Nations Command in Congo. All of the states except Libya sent forces to Congo last year. One report from the Moroccan capital last week stated they had agreed to withdraw their troops from Congo

ARRIVAL FOR AN AFRICAN CONFERENCE IN MOROCCO

U Aung Soe, the Burmese Ambassador, and Madame Aung Soe talk with Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia, at Londonderry House in London. The occasion was a reception given by the Ambassador and his wife to mark the thirteenth anniversary of the Independence of Burma. Among those present were members of the Diplomatic Corps, Cabinet Ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament. Burma was given independence Jan. 4, 1948

CELEBRATING BURMA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

Far right: Miss Margaret Reutens, a member of the staff of the Malayan High Commission in London, hands round a tray of refreshments at a reception at the residence of the High Commissioner. Guests had been invited by Tunku Yalakob, the High Commissioner, and Tunku Maimunah, his wife, to celebrate the installation of the Raja of Perlis as the new Yang di Pertuan Agong or Paramount Ruler of the Federation of Malaya

A MALAYAN OCCASION IN LONDON

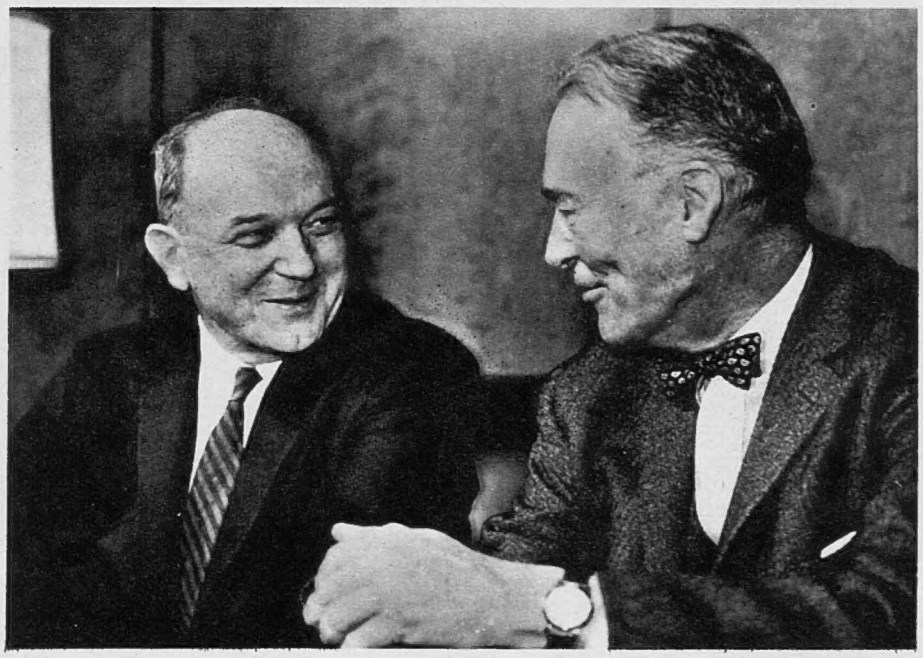
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The English-Speaking Union showed its appreciation of the retiring American Ambassador by giving a reception for him and his wife in London last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hay Whitney, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, Countess Alexander of Tunis and Sir Rex Benson received the guests. Lord Salisbury is a Past-President of the Union and Countess Alexander and Sir Rex are joint-Deputy Chairmen. Mr. Whitney was to attend his last public function in London last Wednesday, January 11, when he was to speak at the Pilgrims' Dinner. He was appointed Ambassador to Britain in 1957. He and his wife are keeping their country home at Wentworth in Surrey, and intend to return there as often as possible in the future

MR. AND MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY (LEFT) AND LORD AND LADY SALISBURY

Below: Pictures were released in Washington by the U.S. Navy at the beginning of January of a new atomic depth charge, named Lulu, fitted to the side of a helicopter. Designed for submarine warfare, the weapon can be carried by virtually all U.S. carrier-based aircraft

Below right: One of the first pictures to be released by the U.S. Army of the warhead of its new atomic weapon, the Davy Crockett rocket launcher. It is capable of lobbing nuclear or conventional warheads over ranges similar to those of ordinary artillery. The bulbous warhead, about 30 ins. long, is fitted on a 5-ft.-long launcher mounted on a jeep. There is reported to be a smaller version which can be carried by infantry



TAKE-OVER IN WASHINGTON

Mr. Dean Rusk, the Secretary of State designate, and Mr. Herter sit together in the State Department in Washington. At the beginning of this month Mr. Rusk was given a room in the Department so that he could be kept fully informed of the course of American foreign policy. The new Administration will formally take over in Washington when Mr. Kennedy is sworn-in as President next Friday (January 20). It is understood that the new President is not in favour of himself making numerous foreign tours, as has been the practice with President Eisenhower since the death of Mr. Dulles. Mr. Rusk will therefore become a familiar figure in world councils

A U.S. ATOMIC DEPTH CHARGE CARRIED BY HELICOPTER

A U.S. PORTABLE ATOMIC WEAPON

A demonstrator hurls a tear-gas bomb at police in Liège, one of the strongholds of the strikers in Belgium. At the beginning of this week the country seemed more divided than ever among factions

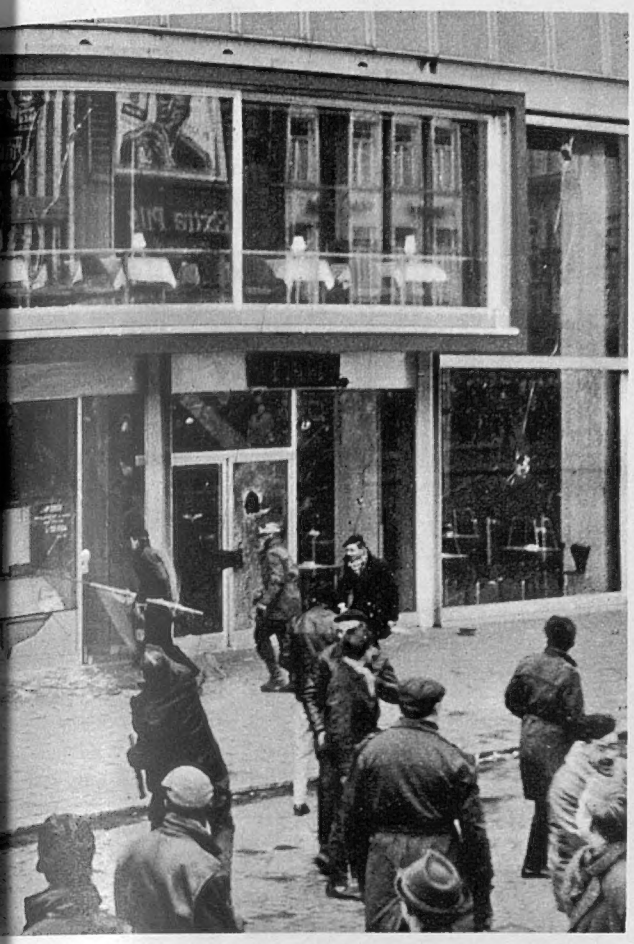
Windows are broken at Liège Central railway station. Ot been sabotaged. Bolts had been loosened and the engine

BELGIUM

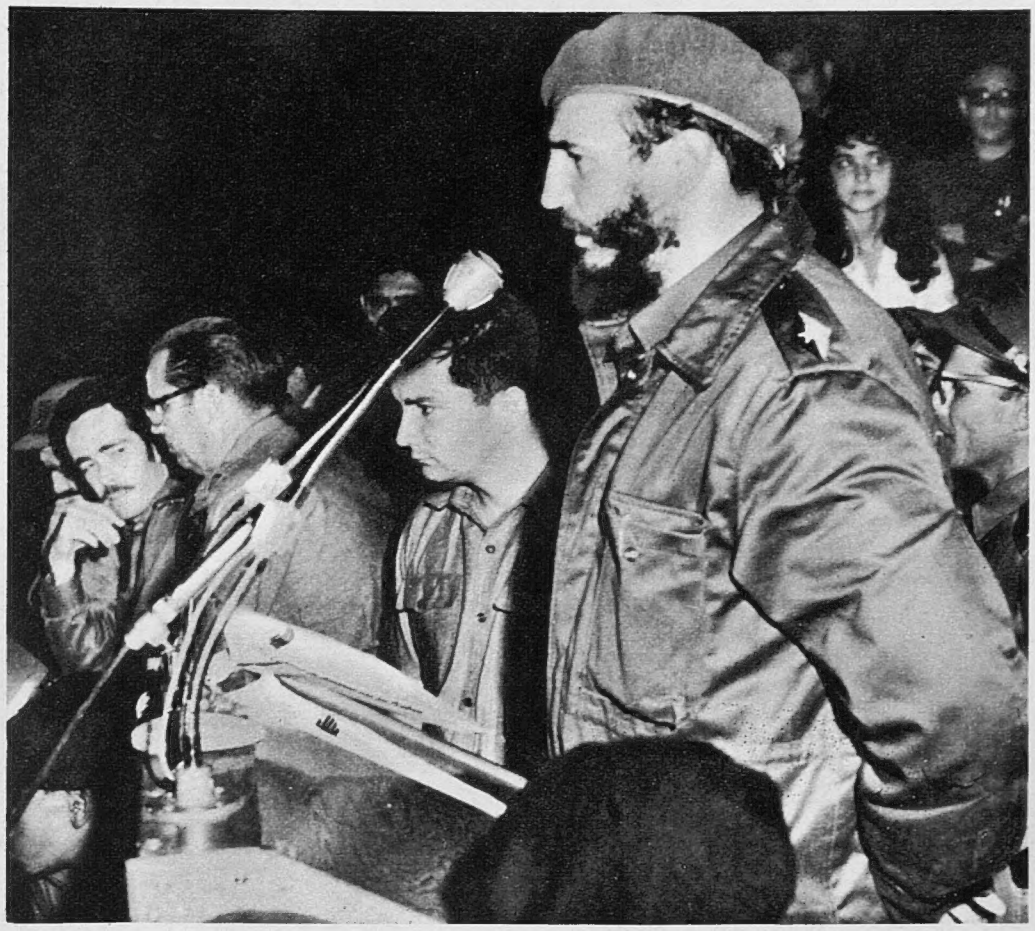
In the riots in Liège last week, seventy-five people were injured. One of them later died as the result of bullet wounds. This was the second fatality in the street demonstrations since the start of the Belgian disorders. At the end of last month a passer-by was shot dead in Brussels. In a statement issued early this week by the Belgian Government regarding the Liège riots, reference was made to what were termed professional revolutionary agitators. Some reports stated that a number of foreigners had been arrested and expelled from the country. The violence and sabotage in Liège and elsewhere appeared to have convinced all the main political parties that the strike must be ended before there could be any negotiations about the future. Once the strike was stopped, it was believed in some circles that the Social Christian and Liberal coalition of M. Eyskens might resign and make way for a new coalition Government of Social Christians and Socialists.

Students join in a sit-down strike which halted the flow of traffic in Brussels and (below, left) a policeman goes into action in the capital of Belgium

Women volunteers parade in Havana. (Right) Cuban wom



between Liège and Verviers the rails were found to have carriage of a train were derailed. No one was injured



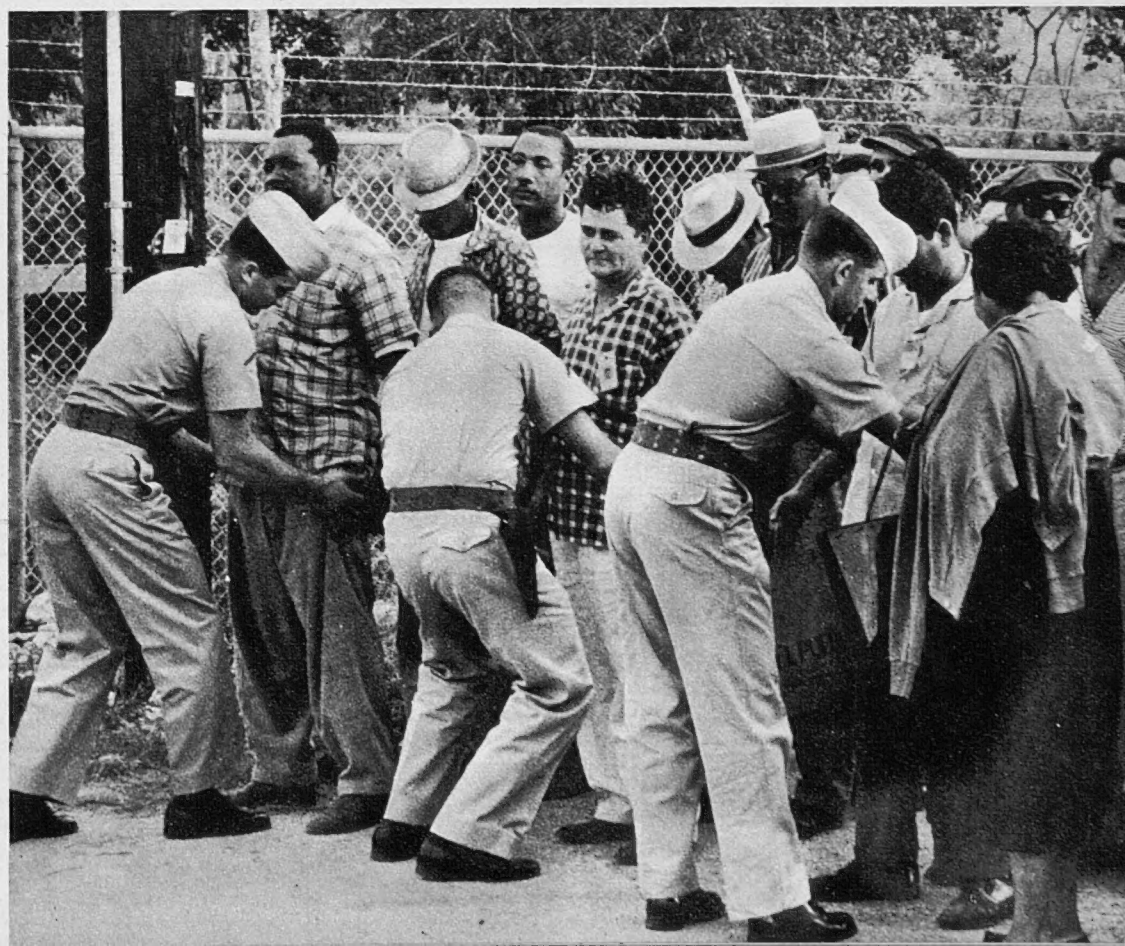
Dr. Castro speaks in Havana. Left are Señor Hart, the Minister of Education; President Dorticos; and Señor Cienfuegos, the Minister of Public Works

U.S. diplomats leaving Havana—Consul H. D. Kessler (left) and Captain J. H. Floyd, naval attaché. (Right) The Swiss Ambassador, M. Bossie (left), and the U.S. *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Daniel Braddock

CUBA

Last week diplomatic links between Cuba and the U.S. were severed. The U.S. *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Braddock, formally handed over the U.S. embassy in Havana to the Swiss Ambassador, now the diplomatic representative of the U.S. in Cuba. Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, vehemently reiterated that the U.S. was preparing to invade the island. He demanded that the U.S. embassy staff be cut to eleven, whereupon President Eisenhower broke off relations. American citizens on the island were advised to leave. The U.S. was the seventh member of the Organisation of American States to sever relations with the Cuban Government. In New York, the United Nations Security Council decided to take no action on Cuba's complaint of alleged "aggression" by the U.S. At the beginning of this week, the Soviet Union and Rumania announced that they were sending increased aid to the Cuban Government under trade agreements signed recently.

e U.S. Naval Base, Guantanamo Bay, are searched as they leave



JOHN CONNELL

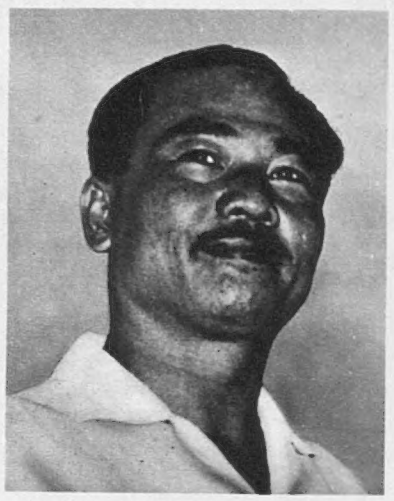
THE CHAOS IN LAOS

Intelligence, in the military sense, is a curiously marketable commodity in South-East Asia. For a short time in 1944 I was the British military spokesman on All India Radio in New Delhi. I recall the quiet, rueful scepticism with which the D.M.I. (India), a man who well understood the oblique movements of the Asian mind, regarded the excited and exciting reports which poured on to his desk from the D.M.I. (China), about a large Sino-Japanese conflict that was supposed to be going on in an area known as " The Rice Bowl."

" I don't think a man or a gun has moved thereabouts for weeks," said the D.M.I. (India), and I refrained from passing on these dramatic reports to our listeners, and of course the D.M.I. (India) was perfectly right. The whole campaign was sheer invention from beginning to end.

The lesson, so far as I was concerned, went by no means unheeded. It has been salutary, I have found, to apply it to the complicated and contradictory reports of recent happenings in Laos. Asia, I am well aware, changes fast; but certain Asian patterns of behaviour do not. One of these is the capacity of telling, with intense, limpid-eyed conviction, what the crudely-nurtured European tends to regard as the most whopping lies. The establishment of clear, factual truth in such an atmosphere is by no means easy; there is a considerable temptation to believe what you want to believe, and to reject any reports which do not fit into your preconceived picture of events. Here surely lies the explanation of the marked differences between the American, British and French responses to the reports of a Communist invasion of Laos which cut dramatically, but quite characteristically, across the New Year phase of billing and cooing; and the exchange of platitudinous but courteous telegrams of greeting.

King Savang Vatthana of Laos succeeded to his throne in 1959



Prince Souphannouvong, leader of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao

Ever since 1954, the three major Western Powers have been consistent in their attitudes towards the complex problems of what was once Indo-China, and consistent in their differences. Of these differences, it may be worth pointing out, the Communists are by no means unaware, and derive a good deal of profit and pleasure from exploiting them.

The U.S. State Department —even more so, the Defence Department—regard this corner of South-East Asia as a vital sector of the anti-Communist front, to be held at all costs, including that of fighting a war. The Foreign Office has always taken its cue from Sir Anthony Eden, who records (in *Full Circle*) that, at the time of the big crisis just after the fall of Dien Bien Phu, he felt that military intervention by the West would be to get involved in " the wrong war against the wrong man in the wrong place." France, having sacrificed the best of her post-war generation in the defence of Dien Bien Phu, and having in that sacrifice rediscovered her own soul, accepted Eden's view and went along with Britain in dissuading the Americans from intervening. Since then the French attitude towards what was once part of the French Empire has been glacially correct and disinterested.

It is now taken for granted by anyone in Britain who is interested in these matters that Eden was perfectly right in the 1954 crisis, and that John Foster Dulles and the U.S. Chiefs of Staff were wrong. This part of Eden's narrative, in his *Memoirs*, was widely praised, and even his fiercest critics contrasted it agreeably with what they regarded (and still regard) as his disastrous actions at the time of Suez. But I take leave to doubt whether the Americans placidly accept all the implications of this slightly smug British myth. Recent events ought to shake our complacent belief that you have only to prove to the State Department that it was utterly wrong, and in a gentle reproving manner rub its nose in it, and that same State Department will henceforth be blind and dumb with admiration for the superlative wisdom of British policy and follow its line enthusiastically. No such luck, I am afraid.

Yet it would be unfair and unwise to regard the current crisis (which the State Department and the Foreign Office at least agreed to describe as " grave ") as precisely repeating the pattern of 1954. When the immediate flurry subsided, the long-term consequence of the 1954 crisis was the establishment of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation. I have long been, and I remain, one of the awkward boys in the squad, because I have never been markedly enthusiastic about these *ersatz* NATO's which the Western allies have plopped down, at considerable expense, here and there about the face of the globe. I was from the outset a critic of the Bagdad Pact, in front of which it was customary for years to make political and military genuflections. Its transmogrification, after the Iraqi Revolution, into the Central Treaty Organisation, has done little to persuade me that it is anything else but a silly and slightly sinister façade, behind which there is not a particle of political unity, or a hint of military punch or preparedness.

SEATO, I concede, is not quite so futile as its Middle Eastern counterpart. I face with equanimity the high-level ticking-off I shall probably receive for these observations, fortified not a little by the knowledge that a Chatham House pamphlet (and what could be more Establishment-minded than that?) has said of SEATO that " the Western Powers are in the invidious position of wishing to defend countries, which do not wish to be defended, from danger the existence of which their governments deny in public."

That was written in 1956. The reality of SEATO's present situation and functions was, I think, tersely and accurately defined by the French Foreign Ministry spokesman who early last week said, with some emphasis, that it was " an organ of consultation, not of decision."

SEATO, as such, is incapable of taking effective military action in this region. But the U.S. Defence Department, either backed by or egged on by, the U.S. State Department, is. Over what, and for what reason? These are questions which, in the United Kingdom and in France, we find it difficult to answer—just as, to be fair, Mr. Dulles found it genuinely difficult to understand why in 1956 we and the French got into such a state about Nasser and the Suez Canal. Over Laos one of my favourite characters in modern life, Maud Countess of Littlehampton, puts into her own beautifully appropriate words the anxieties we tend to feel on this side of the Atlantic: " Never mind about pronouncing all the four-letter men correctly—just tell me what those two U.S. admirals are up to."

Doubtless (and here I return to my original observation about military intelligence in these parts) the American authorities were convinced of the reliability of their evidence of the invasion of Laos; but I find myself in considerable sympathy with the French staff officer in Paris who, when questioned by *The New York Times*, pointed out gently that " it is rather difficult to distinguish between the Communist Laotian forces, known as the Pathet Lao, and North Vietnamese troops because of the permeability of the frontier between the two countries."

The same official went on to recall that the Geneva agreement which brought the war, and the international crisis, to an end in 1954 laid it down that there should be a Laotian Government of national union which should include the Pathet Laos on a legalised basis. Such a Government did exist for some time. The Communists, and their friends and backers here and elsewhere, allege that it was broken up and converted into a right-wing, non-Communist Government under American pressure. I see no reason for paying much attention to this story; but that the State Department insists on preferring a positively anti-Communist to a negative and neutralist regime in Laos is undeniable. Whether they have gone the right way about achieving such an aim is very dubious.

Since the beginning of the present crisis the State Department's spokesmen have directed their accusations of Communist intervention in the Laotian civil war almost entirely against the Soviet Union; and in their evidence they have underlined the fact that the aircraft ferrying Vietnamese paratroopers deep into the heart of Laos have been identified as Russian, bearing the same markings as those which were at work in the Congo some months ago.

If these facts are true, they carry some odd implications. Laos is normally entirely within China's sphere of influence, and Russian intrusion on this scale and in this clumsy fashion would be gravely displeasing to Pekin. Are the Chinese Government so flattened not so much by the physical disasters which have overwhelmed their country as by having to make public admission of them? And would this state of mind cause men as arrogant and as resolute as they are to let the Soviet Union take the initiative in Indo-China under their noses? When the immediate tension diminishes (as I am pretty sure it will) these questions may be worth answering.

President Tito of Yugoslavia sits behind his wife as they ride in a tram in Sarajevo. They had been attending a ball in the Bosnia-Herzegovina Government Palace. On leaving, they boarded the public vehicle and sat down among people going to work. In Sarajevo in June 1914, the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand sparked off the First World War and the eventual creation of the state of Yugoslavia. To-day, with a population of 166,000, Sarajevo is the fourth largest town in the country. The trams were made in the United States, having been bought second-hand from the City of Washington. In some Yugoslav towns there are second-hand London buses. President Tito started the New Year with his differences with Russia and China still as sharp as ever. Yugoslavia was roundly condemned for heresy at the International Communist Conclave which met in Moscow (without Yugoslav representation) towards the end of last year. One of the chief divisions between Titoism and Russian-Chinese Communism is over the interpretation of "peaceful co-existence," which among Communists means competing, without war, with Capitalists. The former holds it can be achieved between individual nations.The latter maintains co-existence is only possible between blocs of nations

THE PRESIDENT TAKES A TRAM

The multi-millionaire, Mr. Paul Getty, waits on children of St. Andrew's Church of England home, Reading. He recently gave a party for them at his home, Sutton Place, in Surrey

The Colours are paraded past the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Gu[illegible] Wellington Barracks, London. The Battalion has been disb[illegible]

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

TWELFTH NIGHT—OR WHAT YOU WILL? Twelfth Night is past. It is the season of Epiphany; the days are drawing out, the revels are ended and we are back in harness. Good resolutions are notoriously short-lived and mankind usually squanders at Christmas a full year's ration of loving-kindness so that Twelfth Night more often stands in our calendar as the last day on which we need pretend to be other than we are, infirm of purpose, short of temper and patience, intensely self-centred, remarkably on-the-make. We take up our quarrels where we left them off for a breathing space, and enemies who exchanged the compliments of the season at Christmas resume with new vigour their long-standing animosities. Epiphany stands for the mixture as before, a nasty and unwholesome dose. Perhaps it is going to be better in Britain this year. The Christmas family parties and congregations and crowds suggested that butter wouldn't melt in our mouths and that virtue, restraint and charity met together in the nation's hearts. Even the least sentient must have felt a bit of a jolt of conscience when they assessed the balance sheet of 1960, that year of shame for so-called civilisation. That the bulk of our own race and of many others are not much worse (and certainly no wiser) than their fathers is almost certainly true. Let us see who starts the usual racket again and how soon. Will the Christmas truce last a little longer or is it to be *what you will* punctually re-enacted? Bless me, they've started already all over the world. Some of them never left off, even on Christmas Day. Affairs in Belgium, Laos, Congo, Algeria and Kenya suggest a stormy start. But political Jeremiads are not always 100 per cent. accurate, any more than weather prophecies.

INTO 1961. The account runs on, as Rhadamanthus told Dolly Mickleham, in the last chapter of *The Dolly Dialogues*. The burning questions of 1960 are still burning furiously in 1961 and will go on burning. I wonder sometimes if we live to-day in greater dread of the present and future than our fathers did, and whether the terrors we apprehend are more fearful and instant than the terrors they feared (and suffered), which differed in character rather than degree and certainly were more prone to "happen." Sometimes, regarding the world we live in and the more trivial questions of the hour which the bulk of us consider of first importance, I should say that humanity is anything but "fearful." On the contrary, very complacent and cosy, when it is not outrageously on-the-make. As for whether we are wiser than our fathers, I have given up asking. A majority of our fathers and remoter ancestors had something which we, in majority, to-day have not, a wholesome religious fear of punishment in a world to come for misdemeanours committed in life, and a sense of comfort that, for the virtuous, peace and compensations for the miseries of human life beckoned from beyond the grave and helped to make existence on earth endurable. We who are living to-day pay far more attention to this transitory life and very much less to the compensations and retributions of the after life. And whenever this transitory life turns less cosy and law-abiding and becomes rather dangerous, we have the less for future comfort and the less for inspiration towards the good life than had our fathers. Otherwise I suppose we were very much as they in our virtues and failings. The fears and miseries they were spared on the swings of progress, they made up for on the roundabouts of their own times. We are still pretty well inured to mass-killing, but statistically our expectation of life is immensely longer. We are in many matters more comfortable than they. We are certainly less patient. I very much doubt if we are any happier. Cleverer, perhaps, but not wiser.

SIR ARTHUR PENN. Arthur Penn, who died recently on the eve of his retirement from long and devoted service to the Queen Mother, was a remarkably versatile man, and I dare say he had more devoted friends and a wider circle of acquaintances than most of his contemporaries. If you met him in the Pavilion at Lord's, it was impossible to exchange two sentences without interruption by clamorous

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be laid up in the Guards Memorial Chapel at
nder the scheme to cut the number of Army units

The P. & O./Orient Lines *Oriana* on her maiden voyage to Australia is berthed at Sydney by tugs, which are manœuvring the 40,000-ton liner up to the new Overseas Ocean Terminal Circular Quay

greetings. He was intensely welcome wherever he went and his wide popularity stood him in good stead during his fairly brief incursion into the City. He was a first-class game shot, latterly preferring to work his dogs, and his illustrated game book is a work of art. He appeared all his life to turn everything into a jest, but under the surface he was a man of strong convictions, knowing very exactly what he liked and stood for and what he detested and shunned. He acquired a very sound knowledge of works of art, furniture in particular, and would haunt the chief auction rooms before sales. In his youth, he was a quite admirable amateur artist in the comic vein and his book-illustrations are as lively and amusing to-day as when he drew them. He was a devoted son and brother and so remained all his life, never drawn away by the glitter and the gold of social life, in which he was for so long an ornament, but to which he was never a slave. Independence, integrity and rigid principles were characteristics which his jokes and sense of humour never disguised among those who knew him even less than intimately.

NEW YEAR HONOURS. The New Year divide of honours and rewards was restrained. The spate of new viscounts was checked. I am sure that every recipient in the list deserved some appropriate recognition, from Sir Alexander Fleck down to the Yeoman Bed Goer of H.M. Bodyguard, who won a silver gong. And it was high time that the game of bowls should receive recognition among popular sports. Cricket and football have had the lion's share. Nevertheless, some puzzles irked me. What, for example, is the significance of awarding an hereditary barony to a man whose title will die with him? Would not a life peerage have served him equally well? And why has the extension of life-peerages been hitherto so little used to strengthen the Labour Party in the Upper House? I suppose likely Labour men in the Commons prefer to take the cash in the Commons and let the credit go in the Lords. But (they say) a big batch of Labour life-peers may soon be arranged. As for baronetcies, the Tories have splashed them in the last decade of power with seventy-four new creations, and a vast majority on men with heirs. The Socialists were determined to reduce that particular (and no longer appropriate) hereditary title. It seems to me to be as illogical in the present age to bestow an hereditary title on a childless man as it is to provide a future title for the unproven heir of a distinguished man. As for the Dominions and other member states of the Commonwealth, those which value titles got their fair shares. Some do not care for them. Canada, for instance. Those who hoped in vain must comfort themselves with the thought: "If winter comes, can June be far behind?" Patience! If life is short, anyway the table of precedence is drawn up on a different basis in the next world, as the older books of reference tell us.

HISTORY TODAY. That admirable monthly publication, *History Today*, celebrates its tenth anniversary this month. Edited by Peter Quennell and Alan Hodge, it started its career in January 1951 at the instigation of the Historical Society. I confess I doubted its chances of success, having regard to the logistics of modern production of serious periodicals admirably turned out in every department. I doubted even if, in a world so largely satisfied with rumour and hearsay, enough readers would be found to support a periodical which stood strictly for the truths of history and based its articles on proven evidence, rejecting unfounded legends and political bias. My fears were liars. *History Today* now sells nearly 25,000 copies every month all over the world, and there is hope for historical truth and reasons for optimism that sense and sanity survive in our civilisation, which sometimes appears to be given over to silliness, triviality and propaganda. I look forward more and more to the next issue and, when it comes, advance (without tears) with my long-neglected education. In this anniversary issue, a commentary on the past decade, the fearful fifties, admirably illustrated, supplies a summary of the chief events of that decade: history in perspective, fearful perhaps, but clear, impartial, factual and corrective. In the lifetime of this periodical, I have listed the articles which have most interested me. They cover the history of our world civilisations from the dawn to the present time, in every field of human endeavour, in matters small and vital; and they are treated with an authority beyond praise. I hope that *History Today* will continue to prosper in the years ahead, so that tomorrow, History, purged of its impurities, may lead our troubled, muddled world to a better appreciation of historical perspective and throw clearer light on the road we have travelled and still travel to-day and tomorrow.

ROAD ACCIDENTS AND THEIR CAUSES. It may be that in present conditions we are entitled to regard 100 or so deaths on our roads as a trivial price to pay for the Christmas holiday jamboree. Certainly 1960 failed to attain the mass-killing record of 1959, and the pundits considered the result a tribute to Mr. Marples' warnings. Perhaps it was. Perhaps more people in 1960 drove with more regard for their own and other people's safety. But the pundits of road safety speak in too many voices to clarify the issues. Some say that statistics show that drinking is not a major cause of accidents and that sober drivers are just as impatient of delay and reckless of consequences as drunks. Some say that fast speeds have less to do with the killings than over-cautious, nervous driving. Some say that pedestrians, pedal- and mechanically-assisted cyclists are the chief causes. But on the issue of speed, Mr. Marples must be interested in the Swedish statistics over the Christmas holidays. There is one car to every seven people in Sweden. Over the holidays a maximum speed of 48 m.p.h. was imposed and perhaps largely obeyed. There was in result only *one* death on Swedish roads. It is interesting to calculate how much time was lost and human life preserved by those who kept within the imposed limit. In a journey of 100 miles would they have lost five minutes of their valuable time? I cannot see the slightest flaw in the imposition of a 50 m.p.h. permanent maximum, even on M.1, for a full year of trying out. It would be unpopular, it would be very difficult to enforce, its enforcement would be a boon to safe- and wage-snatchers while the police forces are stretched, but it would contradict the suspicion that even in official eyes human life is cheap and speed a sign of progress.

THE OLD STAGER

The children dancing at the house-party mockingly point at the Girl (Lynn Seymour) and her Cousin (Christopher Gable)

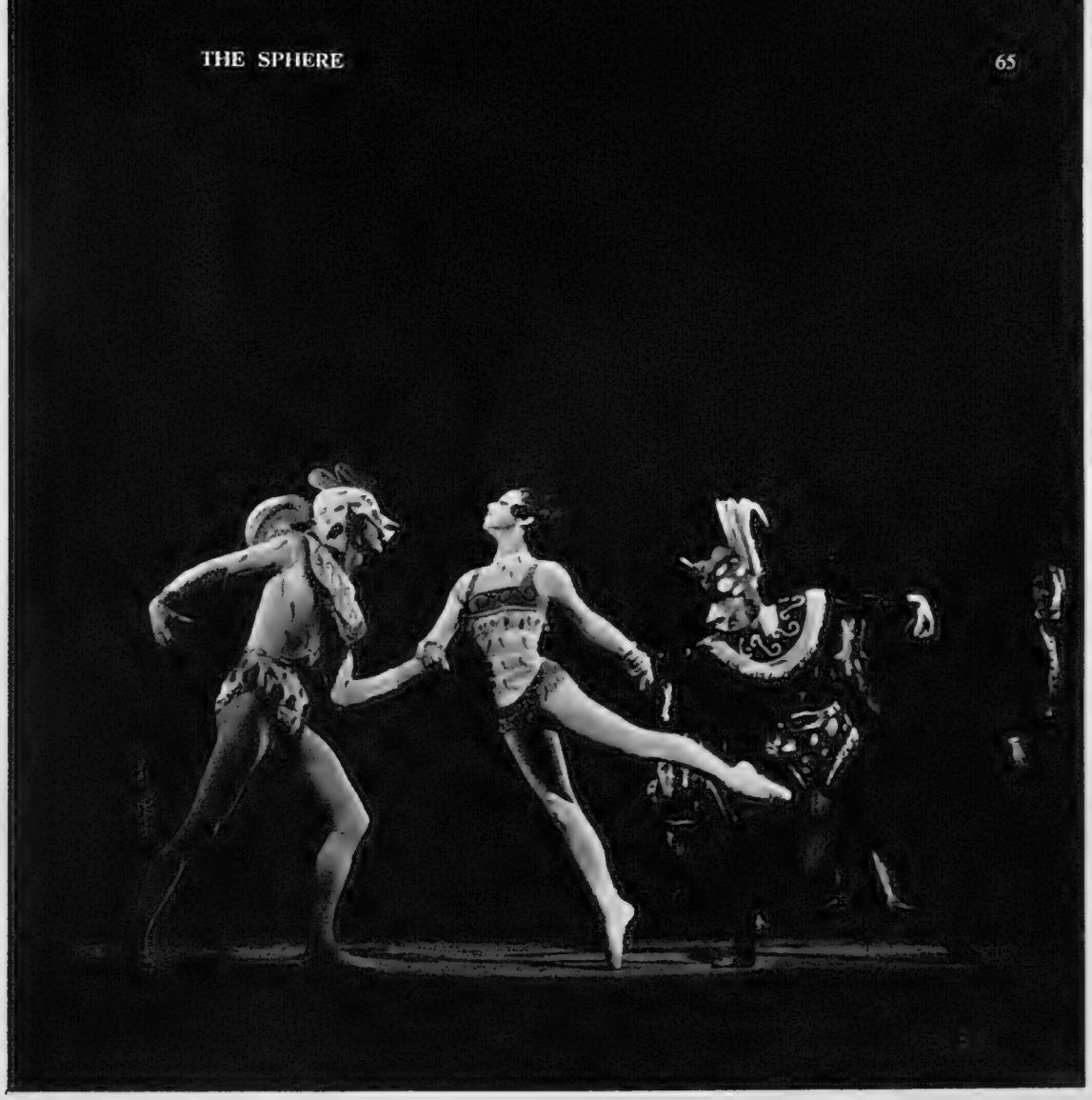
ENTERTAINMENT

THE INVITATION

The Royal Ballet's new production at Covent Garden

Kenneth Macmillan's latest ballet, which had its London première recently, is set in the Edwardian period, in a world of house-parties, governesses, correctly brought-up children and statues draped lest they reveal anatomical secrets to the young. Nicholas Georgiadis's sets, painted on gauze, hint at the luxuriant decay of the hothouse plant. Within this setting, the choreographer has composed a complicated and dramatic story, taken from two novels, one of them by Colette. At a house-party, amid children fascinated by the statues in the grounds, a young girl meets and becomes aware of her cousin. Their happiness is broken by an older couple, bored with marriage. The husband, first half-unwillingly, is attracted to the girl, whom he later rapes. His wife seduces the young cousin: for him it comes as a welcome part of his growing up. But the girl is driven into a hatred of sex. Kenneth Macmillan, whose early work showed an instinctive awareness of the loneliness of children, and their games and cruelties, has translated this story into balletic terms without straining the limits of the medium or lapsing into ugly sensationalism. The ballet, which enhances the choreographer's growing reputation, is danced to an original score by Matyas Seiber, the last he composed before his tragic death in a motor accident last year. In the difficult role of the girl, a young Canadian dancer, Lynn Seymour, has scored a triumph, moving at one jump into the personal ballerina class.

The Girl (Lynn Seymour) becomes involved with an older married man (Desmond Doyle) and is raped by him



The Wife (Anne Heaton) with the Cousin (Christopher Gable) and (right)—members of the troupe of acrobats—Colin Jones, Audrey Farriss, and Terry Westmoreland

Her innocence lost, the young girl (Lynn Seymour) rejects the world of physical love

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

Since the first exploratory well was sunk in South Australia in 1892, oil has been the most elusive of Australia's minerals. After sixty-eight years and an estimated £A67,000,000 spent on exploration in Australia and in the Australian-administered territory of Papua-New Guinea, oil has yet to be discovered in commercial quantities. The record, however, is by no means as disappointing as it appears at first glance. All but £A5,000,000 of the money devoted to exploration has been spent since 1945 and the search has been concentrated principally in Papua and Western Australia. About 530 exploratory wells have been drilled.

This is a still youthful effort in comparison with the vast expenditure and years of intensive prospecting that have preceded the discovery of paying oilfields in other parts of the world. One reason for believing that Australia will ultimately strike oil lies in the known sedimentary basins that occupy nearly 49 per cent. (1,480,000 square miles) of the Australian Continent. These are the formations in which rich oil discoveries have been made in other countries. Although licences to search for oil have been issued for almost all the land lying within these basins in Australia, and for several offshore areas as well, a great deal of geological and geophysical investigation is required before the country's oil-bearing prospects can be defined with certainty.

The search for oil entered an important new phase last month (December) with the release of a report by a team of experts from the French Petroleum Institute, which has been surveying exploration prospects for the Australian Government. The report is a preliminary document that will serve as a basis for detailed discussion between representatives of the oil companies and officials of the Federal and State Governments. The Institute, which has had success in locating oil in the Sahara and other regions, has named the Fitzroy and Carnarvon Basins in Western Australia as the most likely areas for a commercial oil find in mainland Australia. The Fitzroy Basin extends inland from the north-west coast and the Carnarvon Basin flanks the coast farther south. The Carnarvon Basin includes Rough Range, where a promising but limited flow of oil on November 1953 raised high hopes throughout the country. The French team has made observations on prospects in other parts of Australia and has outlined a programme of geological and geophysical studies and exploratory drilling to permit a better evaluation of the more promising basins.

Although oil exploration in Australia is based principally on private initiative and money, the Federal Government has provided incentive through subsidies and taxation concessions to oil exploration companies. There is also the work of the Government's Bureau of Mineral Resources and of the various State Government Mines Department. Oil has come to play an increasingly important part in the Australian economy. Per capita consumption of petroleum products is higher than anywhere except in the North American and Scandinavian countries. Australia's oil refining industry can meet about 90 per cent. of the country's requirements of petroleum products, but the crude oil for the refineries must still be imported. During 1959-60, crude oil imports and certain imported refined products were worth £A101,000,000 exclusive of freight. This is considerably more than the total amount spent on the search for oil in Australia and its territories since 1892. It is easy to see what the discovery of a major oilfield would mean to the nation's development.

Lord Dunrossil, the Governor-General of Australia, presents the Davis Cup to Mr. Harry Hopman, captain of the Australian team, which retained the trophy in Sydney

SOUTH AFRICA

The keynote of Dr. Verwoerd's New Year message was South Africa's relationship with the Commonwealth. He said that he would travel to London to attend the Prime Ministers' Conference in March and that he would do his best to ensure that South Africa remained a member. However, he emphasised that membership would have to be unconditional. " It must remain understood," he declared, " that South Africa will not be prepared to pay the price (for membership) of allowing interference in her domestic policies, of sacrificing principles on which her Government has repeatedly been elected since 1948 or of submitting to any reflection on her sovereignty or her national honour."

The Prime Minister said that, for her part, South Africa experienced no difficulty in co-operating with other nations, whatever their origin or colour. Race problems within the Union's borders, however, had quite a different basis and were created by a situation which required its own solution. But it so happened that the solution to which the Union was committed was fundamentally similar to that desired by the nations of the world in their relationships with one another. All nations set great store by—and protected—their independence. They therefore endeavoured to follow a good neighbour policy towards one another, each with its own separate national existence.

The Union's policy was to create the same sort of relationship between the racial groups in South Africa—and all descriptions of such a solution as immoral, repressive or derogatory to human dignity " must be rejected most emphatically."

The Prime Minister also referred to the United Nations. He posed the question as to whether the " overcrowded U.N." should not give way to a smaller body consisting of the " really responsible " nations of the world. In its present condition, he said, U.N. was less a forum for settling international conflicts than a platform where problems were created and aggravated.

GHANA

This year will see the first operations of Ghana's new harbour at Tema, eighteen miles east of Accra. Six cargo berths will come into use for a start. These may be added to at a later stage.

The £18,000,000 project, financed entirely by Ghana from her own resources, is the largest to come to fruition since the country embarked on its first comprehensive Development Plan in 1951. The statistics for the harbour alone are impressive enough—breakwaters enclosing 500 acres of water, built up from 5,000,000 tons of rock which had to be brought on a specially-constructed railway—and allied with the harbour is a scheme for an entirely new township with an eventual population of more than 100,000 people. The twin projects of the harbour and the raising of a new city are being co-ordinated from the outset; and the overall scheme is likely to become a model one among developing countries for many years to come.

The need for a second deep-water seaport—to supplement Takoradi, opened in 1928—has been apparent for some years. When the Tema site was chosen in 1951 it was decided to link it with a new industrial area and a township to be built from scratch. The overall plan had three dominant elements: the industrial area, which included the harbour; the town centre; and the residential area. In drawing up the scheme the planners kept in view the need to blend modern ways of living with traditional Ghanaian life.

The great majority of Ghana's population live outside the urban areas. Each neighbourhood in the new Tema was therefore drawn as a complete social unit with its own primary school, church, shops, market and transport park. Four of these units are being grouped together to form one community of 10,000 to 12,000 persons, which will in addition, provide large sites for middle schools and central shopping and market areas. Seven such communities are planned initially. Each will have facilities for light industry, car parking, playing fields and a social centre. In addition, areas of land are reserved for hospitals, secondary schools and other educational establishments, police stations and a sports stadium.

The " human " factor has been the dominant consideration from the start of the planning. The residential area was sited to enjoy the freshness of the prevailing wind from the Atlantic. The houses and flats have been designed with five different income groups in mind. Neither were the local fishermen forgotten. The people who formed the original small community of Tema have been specially housed together in Tema New Village and a new 20-acre fishing harbour will ensure that the men can continue to follow their calling despite the arrival of a great modern project in their midst.

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

WEALTH

Search for oil in Australia; Dr. Verwoerd's New Year message; Ghana's new harbour; achievements in Malaya

In London from left are: Mr. J. N. Gibson, of British Insulated Callender's Construction Co. Ltd.; Mr. E. L. Davey, general manager of B.I.C. (Submarine Cables) Ltd.; Mr. D. T. Hollingsworth, managing director of the same company, and Sir William McFadzean, chairman of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. They are examining a section of flexible pipeline. The B.I.C.C. concerns have recently been awarded a contract in Canada for making and installing 53 miles of flexible submarine pipeline to carry natural gas from the mainland of British Columbia to Vancouver Island

Mr. Nehru welcomes Mrs. Bandaranaike (second from left) at Delhi Airport on her arrival from Ceylon. The world's first woman Prime Minister was starting a State visit. She was also to tour Buddhist Holy Places

Mr. G. Deuskar, an artist from Bombay, stands in London with Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner. He had presented her with his portrait of Raja Ram Mohum Roy, the Indian Reformer who lived in Bristol 130 years ago

MALAYA

The Raja of Perlis, Syed Putra ibni Al-marhum Syed Hassan Jamlullail, was installed as Yang di-Pertuan Agong (Paramount Ruler of the Federation) on January 4. He is the third Paramount Ruler since the inception of the Federation. Both his predecessors died last year. Thus 1960 was a time of sadness for the nation as well as of achievement and success.

His Majesty Tuanku Abdul Rahman was installed as the first Yang di-Pertuan Agong on September 1, 1957 and his death on April 1, 1960 was deeply grieved by all his peoples and the world at large. As the first holder of this high office he was held in affection and esteem by all his subjects. The untimely death of his successor, His Majesty Sultan Hisamuddin Alam Shah on September 1 was another blow to Malaya.

The Federation of Malaya, looking back on the last three years, can take sober pride in what has been achieved. Her Independence came in an atmosphere of goodwill from every part of the world, and in the third year of Independence which ended on August 31, 1960, Malaya showed she is prepared to play her full part as a member of the Commonwealth, even to the extent of putting into practical form her disapproval of South Africa's racial policies.

The highlight of 1960 was the announcement by His Majesty Sultan Hisamuddin Alam Shah on July 31 of the ending of the State of Emergency. It is true that danger still lurks in the Malayan-Thai border area, but one of the encouraging features on the strategic plane was the increasing determination of Malaya's Thai neighbours to co-operate in ending this ever-present threat.

But with the end of one emergency, Malaya freely welcomed another. Tun Abdul Razak, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Rural Development, called on the nation to tackle the problem of rural development with the same spirit and with the same dynamic methods which came into play in beating terrorism.

The Razak plan aims at turning the peasant population into self-reliant farmers, secure in their land tenure and in their markets, but at the same time realising their obligations to their fellow men. The plan demands hard work, enterprise and determination to improve farming methods. It also means that Malaya will have to jump several decades in its rural outlook.

In the field of education, Malaya took another step forward last year when a new education policy was announced in August. The ultimate object of this education policy is to bring together the children of all races under the national education system in which the national language —Malay—is the main medium of instruction.

In higher education, the University of Malaya, established in 1948, now has two divisions—one in Singapore and the other in Kuala Lumpur. Starting with 270 students in borrowed buildings in 1957, the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur to-day has made great strides, and has an enrolment of more than 700 in 1960. Plans are in hand to develop the Kuala Lumpur division into a completely autonomous national university of Malaya in 1962. Progress has been greatly assisted with cash, equipment and staff from many Commonwealth countries.

Nineteen-sixty was also a year of achievement and satisfaction in the field of commerce and industry. Malaya lives by her trade and has prospered on the free exchange of goods. She is the highest producer of natural rubber (one-third of the world's requirements) and also the largest producer of tin (38 per cent. of world consumption). She also exports a variety of raw material, semi-processed goods, manufactured articles and foodstuffs to over eighty countries.

The balance of trade in 1960 continued to run strongly in the Federation's favour. During the first ten months of 1960 the value of exports amounted to $2,543,000 (approximately £300,000) as compared with imports of $1,769,000. The balance of trade for that period amounted to $684,000 as compared with $595,000 for the same period of 1959. One can safely say that the favourable trade balance of $684,000 in ten months made 1960 a boom year.

Malaya has not been content merely to look inwards. She is fully aware of her responsibilities, not only as a member of the Commonwealth but to the United Nations as well. Malaya's best-known "Ambassador" is her Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra. In 1960, despite heavy responsibilities at home the Tunku found time to make visits abroad spreading Malaya's message of co-operation and goodwill. In the spring of 1960 he represented Malaya for the first time at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, after which he toured West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and France. The Tunku paid an official visit to America and Canada during October, stopping in London on his way. During November he visited Holland for discussions with the Dutch Prime Minister to find some solutions to the West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) problem. It is hoped that his efforts will bring both sides closer to working out some form of solution to that problem.

Queen Sirikit of Thailand holds a snowball in her hand on one of the ski-slopes of the Swiss winter sports resort, Gstaad, while on holiday with her husband, King Bhumipol, and her children. (Right) Equipped for the rigours of winter, Princess Alexandra leaves London Airport to join King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit for a short holiday at Gstaad

Carrying ski equipment, young enthusiasts climb one of the slopes of the Cairngorms, in Scotland. Over the New Year holiday many visitors went to the district for the ski-ing: conditions were reported to be very good, although there were high winds at times. Hotels and camping sites were crowded

WINTER HOLIDAY

Below: One of the competitors appears to be poised high over Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in Germany, during his jump in the New Year ski-jumping competition. More than sixty skiers from eleven countries participated in the event, part of the annual German-Austrian four-cities jumping tournament

RIVERSIDE HEIGHTS

Casting its reflection onto the ripples of the Thames is what will be London's highest office block. Being built at Millbank between Thames House and the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, it is situated close to the Tate Gallery. Work has reached the twenty-sixth storey; when completed late in 1962, the building will be over 370 ft. high, making it one of the tallest office blocks in Europe. It will be over 40 ft. higher than the new Shell building being constructed on the other side of the Thames behind the Royal Festival Hall. The development of the 3½-acre site is being undertaken by the Legal and General Assurance Society Ltd., which negotiated the building lease with the Crown, holders of the freehold. The tower block will house the headquarters of the Vickers Group of Companies. Also included in the scheme are an eight-storey Y-shaped block 90 ft. high, an eleven-storey residential block 120 ft. high, and a three-level car park served by a spiral ramp. At ground-level the site is being kept as open as possible with gardens and courtyards. The foundations of the reinforced concrete structures rest on 500 cylinder piles, some of which have been bored to a depth of more than 90 ft. In all it is estimated that the scheme, for which the main contractors are John Mowlem and Co. Ltd., will cost about £5,000,000.

The site forms part of an area of Thorney Island, which was bought by the Crown from the Marquess of Salisbury in 1799 for the erection of Millbank Penitentiary. This was demolished in 1893 to make way for the Tate Gallery and the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital. (Thorney Island was an area of peaty marshland divided by streams flowing into the Thames and covering an area reaching as far as St. James's Park.) The past use of this site shows its importance. With the extensive redevelopment of parts of both banks of the Thames proposed by the L.C.C., the Millbank tower block is only one of a number, some already existing, which have been planned. On the north side of the river, there are already Big Ben and the Victoria Tower. On the south side there is the New Shell building, and proposed are a tower block east of Waterloo Bridge and another much farther westwards near Battersea. In addition on the south side there will be the new buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital. Under the 1944 L.C.C. plan comprehensive redevelopment was planned for this side of the Thames. From Blackfriars to Waterloo Bridge was zoned for commercial development, with provision for a riverside walk. Should this scheme be carried out and should the piecemeal development of the north bank fit into the overall plan, London would gain exciting vistas of modern building along the banks of the ancient Thames.

KENYA'S NEW HOMES

From among the fifty different tribes which make up Kenya's African population of more than 6,000,000 a new group with a separate identity and outlook is appearing. This is the urban African group. Its most important member is the factory or office worker who, with thousands of his colleagues, streams away on foot, by bicycle, bus or even car from Nairobi's industrial and commercial centres each evening to join his family in one of the housing estates which stud the eastern part of the Colony's capital city.

Here, along the curving new roads and among the neat groups of gaily-coloured flats, a fresh way of living for the African is taking root. In Nairobi the social and economic character of the urban African population is fast changing. It is also changing to a lesser extent in places like Mombasa.

In the old days men from all parts of Kenya came to Nairobi as migrant workers. They took jobs in the city for a few months, but when the planting season came round they travelled back to their smallholdings with their city earnings. These men preferred rural life, despite its lack of amenities, to the bustle of the towns. And the deep-rooted tribal customs also mitigated against settled town life—for instance there were often several wives to keep. But to-day, Luo from the edge of Lake Victoria, Giriama from the shores of the Indian Ocean, Kikuyu from the green slopes of the Aberdare Mountains and members of many other tribes, live permanently with their families in Nairobi.

The Kenya Government, Nairobi City Council, private builders and big employers of labour have all built large numbers of houses in recent years. The biggest single scheme is at present under construction at Ofafa, where 3,000 houses are being built. This £1,500,000 City Council contractor-finance scheme will cover 180 acres and eventually contain shopping centres, health and community centres, clinics, schools and playing-fields.

On another part of the Ofafa estate 500 houses were completed last year. The African people of Nairobi call this district Ofafa Jerusalem—because, they say, it looks so beautiful. Ofafa Maringo—meaning "swagger" or perhaps housing for wealthy people—is an earlier project containing 1,400 homes.

Before this scheme was launched, considerable research was undertaken into new methods and materials, and numerous experiments were conducted using pumice as the basic material for construction. All the houses have piped water to the kitchens, water closets and showers. Facilities are available for those tenants who want an electricity supply.

Typical of the tenants is twenty-eight-year-old Joseph Mutaba, a City Council housing clerk, who lives with wife Tabitha and small daughter in a flat in Ofafa Jerusalem. Joseph is a Mkamba from the arid hills of Kenya's Southern Province. He came to Nairobi in 1946, and has worked in his present job for four years. For his neat, compact flat he pays just over £5 a month. Although this is a relatively high rent for the average African, all the homes of Ofafa are occupied.

The Mutaba's are only one family in many thousands which have been housed in new homes in recent years. Ten years ago Nairobi was raised to city status. In the decade that has passed since then the City Council has built African housing—owned by the municipality—for 25,000 people. African and employer-built housing has provided homes for a further 12,500 people, while other public and private concerns have built their own housing for many thousands more.

Complementary to the provision of housing is the progress in the field of African welfare and social services. In the last ten years there has been a steady programme of general development, including capital expenditure on tarmac roads, street-lighting and the improvement of drainage and the layouts of estates. Two new stone-built markets have replaced the old collections of ramshackle

An aerial view of the Ofafa Maringo, one of the new housing estates for Africans in Nairobi

Mr. Musa Amalemba, Housing Minister of Kenya

premises originally built by Africans themselves. Several new playing fields have appeared and two day-nurseries have been completed.

Seven community centres are now established with money provided by the Kenya Government, the City Council and various religious bodies, while the City Council also built two centres of its own. Last year a new Women's Training Centre was completed at Ofafa Maringo, and there are several new child welfare clinics and three new health centres for the growing population.

Nairobi has made big strides in her efforts to provide adequate housing, a contented urban population and eventually a stable African society in this modern, fast-growing city on the equator. Her efforts are being matched in many of the smaller towns of Kenya.

Alan Chatterton

A class in progress in the Day Nursery at Ofafa. The area

Mombasa, the Municipality has erected homes for African and Arab workers

ned after a Nairobi City Councillor who was murdered by Mau Mau terrorists

Flats in Doonholm Road and (below) a family in their home in Mayfair, Nairobi

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

MYSTERY OF MOORLAND CROSSES

A year or so ago I went to see Ralph Cross, which overlooks Westerdale in the North Riding of Yorkshire. All this Cleveland country, hill and dale, is as wild and waste and empty as any in Britain. It is too wild and waste and too far from big centres of population for the average week-end rambler. If you take the road from Hutton-le-Hole to Castleton, which passes Ralph Cross, then you are in the middle of it. If you walk from Ralph Cross to the sources of the Esk, then you will see the best of the scenery and experience the worst of the going. This really is difficult country. Not the sort of country in which to get caught in a fog: and there is very often low cloud on it, making the ill-defined tracks still easier to lose.

Church Cross, in the middle of a field at Porthcurno in Cornwall

I had been told that there is a hollow at the top of Ralph Cross, which is pronounced Raaf Cross by the way, and that in this hollow I would find a coin, probably a penny, and that I should remove this coin and leave one of my own in its place. I did not believe this. Ralph Cross is tall, pretty nearly 8 ft., and dignified. There is a hollow at the top. And there, in a little pool of water, was a penny. I left one of my own in its place. The custom must go back to the days when travel was dangerous and charitable wayfarers left coins to help the less fortunate along the road. No need for that now. But the custom will never die, so long as there are rubbernecks (like me) about.

The custom suggests that Ralph Cross was a guide-post marking the way. It is true that, in clear weather, it is visible from miles around, and yet, I wonder. Within sight of it stands White Cross, locally known as Fat Betty; well named, for it is a motherly figure. True, Fat Betty stands by the Rosedale road: but it seems unnecessary to have two guide-posts, even if they do mark different roads, so close to each other. Moreover, I am told (it was so misty that I did not trouble to find it) that there is another cross about 200 yards west of Ralph Cross, and this one marks no road at all. Three guide-posts so close together would be likely to mislead any traveller in foggy weather. But there are many of these crosses on the moorlands of North-East Yorkshire. Lilla Cross is the best and perhaps the oldest of them. Almost all stand near old roads. There are, too, a few crosses in the Pennines, and these also stand near ancient trackways. The guide-post theory seems conclusive. Yet I find it difficult to accept.

The other region of Britain in which you find crosses in number is also high moorland: Dartmoor. I believe that Cleveland and Dartmoor are the only two regions in which you can see crosses in number. Almost all the Dartmoor crosses are also situated by roads or ancient trackways. Some are easy to find: Bennett's Cross on the main road half-a-mile from the Warren House Inn and Marchant's Cross, south-east of Meavy, for example. But some are in isolated places—Nun's Cross, south of Princetown, and Huntingdon Cross by the Abbot's Way—and by tracks now little used; by tracks which it is difficult to believe were ever much used except by natives, who would not have needed guideposts.

I do not subscribe to the opinion that monks, nuns and abbots spent their free time wandering about Dartmoor: they had too much sense and liked their comforts too well. Nor do I believe that these crosses were erected as monuments of piety. Nun's Cross does not commemorate a nun: it is a modern name, the old name being Siward's Cross.

The strange thing is that there is an astonishing family likeness between the Cleveland crosses and those of Dartmoor. This is not just a matter of both being rough-hewn and roughly designed: that one would expect from their situation. But the design, with few exceptions, is the same in both areas: in both the crosses have very short arms. You would say that one artist had been responsible for both. This cannot be so, and the one cannot have been copied from the other: there was too great a gulf between the two areas in the Middle Ages. It is just an extraordinary coincidence.

But there can be no coincidence about the sites of these crosses. In both areas almost all are on high ground and almost all are on a small bump on that high ground; a bump that was once a barrow, a burial-place. Lilla Cross stands on a Bronze Age barrow which has been excavated. The excavator found a later, Saxon, burial, the gold ornaments from which are in the Liverpool Museum. That barrow must have had a high reputation for sanctity for the Saxon to desire burial there. But I think that there was more to it than that. The Saxons drew our first boundaries. The barrow, I think, was on the boundary of that Saxon's estate, and by being buried there he fixed the boundary pretty firmly.

Some crosses are known to have been set up as boundary points. Marchant's Cross, which is known to have been standing since 1291, is one and Bennett's Cross is another. And some graves are known to have been boundary points. There are two on Dartmoor, one on the eastern edge of the moor, the other on the western, Jay's Grave and Stephen's Grave. Both are by ancient tracks and both bear stones, but not crosses. The stone on Stephen's Grave has been clamped on to a heavy triangular base. The story is that this was done because the barrow on which it once stood having long since been demolished, the owners of the land on either side used to roll the stone this way and that at night to the other's disadvantage. If there had been a cross I do not believe this would have happened, and I believe that this is the real reason why crosses were erected in such isolated places.

Why crosses? Natural boundary marks, such as streams, are immovable. Where no such natural feature was available, the site of a round barrow on a prominence would prove a most suitable mark. It would prove a very efficient one, too, for it would be guarded by the ghost of the dead and it would be a brave man who would attempt to move it. Time and the new religion would dispel that fear. When that happened you erected a cross or, as is the case in some places, a stone with a cross incised upon it, marking once more the site of a grave and implying all the dire consequences that would follow upon its desecration. When this was not done, when a simple stone with no cross incised upon it was erected (as at Stephen's Grave), the nocturnal land-grabber set to work with an easy conscience.

The fact remains that these crosses are almost always by tracks or at intersection of tracks. Which came first, the track or the boundary mark (the burial-place) is anybody's guess. Personally, I think it more probable that the track went to the burial-place. Be that as it may, I think it very unlikely that, with one possible exception on Dartmoor, these crosses were ever erected in the first instance for the convenience of travellers. Which is not to say that travellers did not make a convenience of them.

Colonel Mobutu, "strong man" in the Congolese Government, addresses troops in Luluabourg, in South Kasai. From there he flew a force to Ruanda-Urundi to attack Kivu

WORDS IN CONGO

In spite of the grave tension over Laos and the rupture of U.S. Cuban relations, Mr. Hammarskjoeld flew in the middle of last week from New York to Congo. This was taken to indicate a further deterioration in the situation there. Before leaving the U.N. headquarters, the Secretary-General had handed a protest to the Belgian delegate, accusing the Belgians of allowing Colonel Mobutu's troops to use the Trust Territory of Ruanda-Urundi as a springboard for an attack on Kivu, a pro-Lumumba province

Mr. Albert Kalonji, the separatist leader in South Kasai, purses his lips as he makes a point to President Kasavubu during the latter's visit to Bakwanga, capital of South Kasai

The Yeni Cami mosque in Istanbul

TRAVEL

MAGIC OF ISTANBUL

By **GORDON COOPER**

The adventurous traveller seeking fresh lands to conquer might well " discover " Turkey, for it is still a country rarely visited by tourists. Yet, it is by no means inaccessible. Recently I travelled by Swissair Comet from London to Istanbul (with a change at Zurich, giving a chance to stock up with cigars) in just over eight hours. The food on board this plane was excellent, the service impeccable, while this swift airliner is the acme of comfort. Fares are: 1st class, £143 (return), 2nd class, £112.

A few months earlier I had, however, come to this magical city by sea; this is surely the most rewarding approach. Its very real beauty is savoured to the full, and first impressions count if they are good ones. From the ship one looks for the first glimpse of the twin minaretted crowns of the Emperor Justinian's St. Sophia and the series of pale domes and semi-domes that make up the dreamlike immensity of the Blue Mosque of Sultan Ahmet. This scene, in fact, gave me one of the most satisfying moments in a lifetime of travel. Perhaps, too, my reading of Pierre Loti had created in my mind a shroud of romance. But on landing my dreams conflicted painfully with reality.

Almost every visitor experiences this initial disappointment. Istanbul is not a city that you can accept at once. The chief contributing factor to this anti-climax is, I think, the obvious lack of colour and the crumbling shabbiness to be seen on all sides: in its buildings and the drab clothes of the inhabitants. Nor are the shops attractive outwardly. But this mildly repellent feeling is overcome, after you make your own discoveries, with a zestful patience. The city has many aspects that become endearing.

What renders Istanbul unique is that it is situated at the meeting-point of two continents —Europe and Asia—and of two seas—the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. The nineteen-mile-long Bosporus links these two seas, and travelling along it leisurely by ship provides many attractive pictures.

You will wish to pay visits to the great mosques and the Museum of St. Sophia, which always must have been there and which always will be. When the greatest cathedral of Christendom, the pride of Crusaders and later the Saracens (who turned it into a mosque), it was a symbol of religious fervour, but as it now stands, desecrated, sad and unworshipped in, a visit to it can bring mixed feelings of wonder and sadness. The present mosques, though less historic, are more " lived in." Both the Sultan Ahmet Mosque (Blue Mosque) and the Mosque of Suleyman are fascinating, as well as being lovely examples of Muslim architecture. Another mosque that merits a visit is the Eyup, near which is Pierre Loti's café commanding a fine panorama of the Golden Horn. The courtyard and trees swarm with thousands of pigeons which are traditionally fed by visitors.

Next in importance is the Topkapi Palace Museum, formerly the home of the Ottoman sultans. It is not a single building, but a series of kiosks and pavilions, built rather like the Forbidden City in Pekin, round a number of huge, inter-communicating courtyards. From here, the Sultan, with his necessary 10,000 attendants (masculine, feminine and and neuter), directed the destinies of an Empire which once stretched from the gates of Vienna in the west to Persia in the east, and included the whole North African coast as far as Algiers and Tunis. Incidentally, in this establishment there were 2,000 cooks busily employed, and there was the extensive Seraglio where the sultans of old kept their small armies of ladies of the palace.

The present museum is almost overwhelming in its wealth of display, yet the gold and jewels which still remain are reputedly only about one-thirtieth of what the Sultan possessed right up until some forty-odd years ago. The thousand-year-old eggshell thin Sung and Yuan Dynasty porcelain (mere Ming was for the kitchen) is of quite incalculable value, and the porcelain collection is, without a doubt, the finest in the world. It is hard to believe that the jewellery on display is real, and the egg-size emeralds and chunky diamonds do seem rather overdone—I was, however, fascinated by the idea of eating one's breakfast egg out of a solid gold egg-cup encrusted with huge rubies and diamonds, worth perhaps a couple of thousand pounds. But this rather vulgar display indicates the opulence of a court which once frightened the Western world into making fantastic and often hideous gifts.

Queen Victoria, who acted undoubtedly on expert advice, sent, for instance, an article of strictly domestic utility, formerly found under the beds of our grandparents, made, of course, in this case, not of china but of 24-carat gold, complete with the Sultan's title of " Shadow of God."

In the Seraglio I preferred to shut my ears to the suggestive remarks of our guide, calling rather to memory that these now deserted precincts once resounded with the chatter and laughter of women and children; and if only these walls could talk what a tale they might have to tell. I did not encounter this past year the eunuch-guardian whom I had met long ago, and who used to hiss angrily when he saw lady visitors. The Sunken Cistern, built by Justinian in the sixth century, is an impressive sight, and it still contains water. Its 336 columns, whose capitals are Byzantine Corinthian of fine workmanship, are a striking sight. The ancient walls, the fountain of Sultan Ahmet, and the immense hippodrome (constructed in A.D. 200) can all be embraced in a tour.

Then there is the great covered bazaar, with its long streets of small shops, many of them filled with very cheap-looking goods. There is one corner where you can get real bargains in rugs, jewellery or ikons, but the bargains only result after hours of pleasant haggling over tiny cups of sweet coffee. There is also the Slave Market, where once there used to be a brisk trade in captured blondes, although, according to my Murray's Guide of 1845, these ladies under duress enjoyed the absolute right of refusal to be sold to anyone whom they disliked.

But if you spend some days in Istanbul I think you will want to sneak off and spend the day zigzagging up and down the Bosporus, which, incidentally, teems with an unbelievable variety of fish. Any of the small boats on which you make the trip will fuss back and forth, first a call in Europe and then another, 500 yards away, in Asia, until you reach the road that leads to the really magnificent Black Sea bathing beach and resort of Kilyos on the European side of the narrows. Alternatively, it is only ten miles or so by ferry-boat to the car-less peace of the Princes Islands—Prinkipo, the biggest, being clearly visible from the city itself, floating like a pale cloud in the warm blue of the Sea of Marmara.

But all this is Istanbul alone, and even then only a few aspects have been seen of its many-sided charms. The enterprising visitor, with time to spare, will surely wish to see the tremendous ruins of Ephesus and Pergamum, and biblical Tarsus, Antioch and Cæsarea. I want myself one day to visit the new Mediterranean centred around Antalaya, but I doubt whether I shall ever manage to look for Noah's Ark on Mt. Ararat. So you will see, the range, type and nature of your holiday in Turkey can be infinitely varied, not least sitting in a sunny waterside bar and consuming yellow caviare at 5s. a pound.

I stayed last time at the comfortable Cinar Hotel, near the airport and overlooking the Sea of Marmara; it is linked with the city by frequent bus services, as well as by taxis. In Istanbul itself, there is the Hilton Hotel, but I prefer both the Divan and the Park. The Pera Palace contains a fine collection of old furniture; this was the premier establishment in former days. Recommended restaurants are the Liman Lokantasi (try its Dönes Kebab and the Pilau), and at Sariyer, in the suburbs, the Canli Balik, noted for its fish dishes and with a splendid view over the Bosporus. Intending visitors are recommended to read *The Owl's Watch Song*, by J. Cuddon (Barrie and Rockcliff. 25s.), and for further information you could try the Turkish Tourist Dept., 43, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Worth noting: Turkish currency can be purchased at a discount at Zurich Airport and in London.

GORDON COOPER'S HOTEL "OSCARS" FOR 1960

During the past twelve months I have stayed in over fifty hotels, and my premier award must be split between three inns (or small hotels), for they were the establishments in which I was happiest. First, there is the Bull—a Trust House hotel—at Long Melford; it is the perfect English inn, with comfort, first-class food, notable service and atmosphere. Next, comes a Commonwealth hotel in far-off, but now easily reached, Uganda: the Acholi Inn, Gulu, not only because of its memory of a nostalgic " sundowner," but for the reason that I never expected such a high standard of comfort in so distant a place. Thirdly, there is Godefroy's Hotel at Greenfield, Co. Galway. It, to my mind, is the perfect escapist haunt, with freedom from noise, the best trout fishing centre in Ireland, and excellent food and wine.

Elsewhere, I give special commendations to:

France: Hotel Diane in Sables-d'Or-les-Pins—an idyllic Breton seaside resort—which I would recommend for a perfect rest-cure holiday in a most friendly environment. There is a superb bathing beach.

Holland: The Hotel Kurhaus, in Scheveningen, offers a wonderful menu and first-class accommodation. I want to go back there, if only for a week-end. Within easy reach of The Hague.

Italy: In the past I have never been satisfactorily looked after in Florence, but this year I stayed in the Minerva and was very satisfied, not only for its excellence as an hotel, but also for its central position. The Park is another hotel, in the luxury class, which I can recommend.

Germany: In Munich, I can recommend the Excelsior, and, especially, the Grand in Nuremberg, as good an establishment as any in Germany, and notable for its efficient service. It even served me with a buttered-toast tea on my arrival.

LONDON'S

NEW HOTELS

Landmarks in Knightsbridge and outside London Airport

The Penthouse suite in the new Carlton Tower hotel

The attractive foyer of the Carlton Tower

This is a room with sound-proof windows in the Hotel Ariel, opposite London Airport

The circular structure of the new Hotel Ariel contrasts with an eighteenth-century inn

In its tower the hotel in Cadogan Place, Knightsbridge, has eighteen storeys

THE CARLTON TOWER: This hotel was opened last week by Mr. Maudling, the President of the Board of Trade. Its tower is one of the features of Knightsbridge in the area between Sloane Street and Belgrave Square. Each bedroom has its own television and radio. Below ground is a garage for 75 cars. Built for the Hotel Corporation of America, the hotel was finished six months ahead of schedule.

HOTEL ARIEL: The round building opposite London Airport has a height of 50 ft. and a diameter of 176 ft. There are 186 bedrooms and full use of modern plastics has been made in the interior decorations. Each bedroom has a fully-tiled bathroom and shower. Windows are sound-proofed against the noise from jet airliners, which afflicts so many London inhabitants. The hotel was opened last Monday.

BOOKS

COUNTRYMAN'S CHILDHOOD

A surgeon's autobiography; critique of the American novel; recent short stories and fiction

" Ladies wear dresses down to the ground because of modesty, and veils to show consideration for passers by." That is what grandfather told the young people in Mr. F. C. Ball's enchanting book, A BREATH OF FRESH AIR (Faber. 18s.), and in those days, not so immeasurably remote, what grandfather said—went. Mr. Ball has written about a family who move from town to country where Father is going to work as a gardener and where his more urban neighbours hope that he won't be " burrowed alive." The children take the change fairly calmly; after all, there are the consolations of exploring, of animals and of a thousand new sights, smells and activities. But mother takes her time in accepting this radical uprooting, regarding some of the excessively uncomfortable innovations with reasonable doubt and enduring rather than enjoying the mud and gales of each winter. But by and large, the family flourishes and it is this writer's especial magic that he is able to convey just how they managed to grow wise in country ways and healthy with the words of the title. I greatly enjoyed Mr. Ball's splendid lack of sentimentality (which, in any case, has never been a countryman's attribute) and his own undistorted memory of things as they used to be forty or fifty years ago. A book to cherish.

THE WATERSHED (Faber. 18s.), by Mr. Reginald Payne, is perhaps more factual and less imaginative, but then it is more deliberately and consciously autobiographical. Mr. Payne, who is now a surgeon, begins his own story at an appropriately early age and at the turn of the century in Northampton, where the first words he read were, memorably, " the relief of Mafeking." If his family life was protected and happy it was by no means dull or, if it had its days of monotony, these are transmuted in the telling. Mr. Payne, like so many medical men, is a natural born writer and couldn't write a tedious page of narrative if he tried. His family had brought him up with the example of teetotalism, vegetarianism and total abstinence from doctors' medicines before him. They also regarded surgery as tantamount to butchery; a point of view which doesn't appear to have influenced the growing boy unduly. He writes of his parents affectionately and, indeed, they must have deserved his trust and loyalty in spite of the oddities of their creed and their applications of such remedies as dripping wet sheets " to bring the bile out." This is a deeply thoughtful as well as a nostalgic book.

LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL (Criterion. 60s.) is by Mr. Leslie A. Fiedler, who is an American don at Montana State University and who quite evidently has the highest opinion of his readers' capacities since this volume, from its slightly portentous title to its final five hundred and ninety-first page, is not keyed down to an average knowledge of literature or provided with any of the short cuts to understanding which can be so much help to all but the most stalwart of readers. Of Mr. Fiedler's erudition, though, there is no doubt and a very great deal of what he has written here is both perceptive and sound.

AUGUSTUS JOHN is seen at his home at Fordingbridge in Hampshire. Lighting his pipe is his niece, Talitha, staying with him over the New Year. The distinguished painter celebrated his eighty-third birthday on January 4. A recipient of numerous honours, Mr. John was elected a Royal Academician in 1928

Mr. Brian Glanville's short stories, in A BAD STREAK (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), have one splendid quality to recommend them, which is as simple as it is rare. They have shape, and a clearly defined form. In other words, Mr. Glanville is not one of those writers who regard the short-story technique as an exercise in compression and nothing else. Each one of the nineteen in this collection makes a point of its own but it also has been properly constructed and the reader, however undemanding or in favour of experimentation he may be, is apt to be grateful for that. Of them all, I liked the football stories best, not because I have either interest in or knowledge of the game but because the author so obviously has and allows his authority to colour and enliven his tale. A more than ordinarily good collection and one to enjoy, as well as to admire.

M. Romain Gary's story of a boy fighting with the partisans in the forests of Poland was written in its original version during the war when the writer was himself a young pilot with the Lorraine Squadron of the Free French Forces. Now, translated and revised, it appears for the first time as NOTHING IMPORTANT EVER DIES (Cresset Press. 15s.) and shows the author, yet again, as a writer of exceptional sensitivity and force.

THE MANSION (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is the third volume in Mr. William Faulkner's trilogy about the Snopes family and those two representatives of it, Mink and Flem, who carry the story line. I don't know the

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How tight a squeeze was the battle for Malta, the island fortress within twenty minutes' flying time of German and Italian bases in Sicily and a thousand miles from the nearest British position? Most of us are aware that the long siege was a touch-and-go affair; but Peter Shankland and Anthony Hunter, in MALTA CONVOY (Collins. 18s.), reveal that at one stage the only thing that lay between the island and surrender was the battered hulk of the oil tanker *Ohio*, her decks awash and a sitting target for any enemy pilot with the courage and enterprise to finish her off. As it happened, the *Ohio* limped into Valletta, unloaded her immensely precious cargo and so the fight in the Malta skies could go on. For the *Ohio* it was the end of the road, her back was broken and she was fit only for sinking; twice she had been abandoned, twice reboarded, and she was carried into port lashed between two destroyers. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian writes a foreword to this stirring well-told tale.

Now to the other end of the scale in sea stories. Commander Victor Clark, D.S.C., R.N., who retired from the Royal Navy in 1953 with a brilliant war-record, set out two months later from Lymington in his 33-ft. ketch *Solace* on a journey that was to take him 48,000 miles. ON THE WIND OF A DREAM (Hutchinson. 30s.) is the story of this voyage, tremendous not because of its feats of seamanship and the risks endured (although there were thrills in plenty), but because of its charm, its infinite variety, its idle days and years in the waters of the Caribbean and the

RELIEF OF MALTA

The gallant voyage of the oil tanker "Ohio"

Pacific. At the end of it all the sailor author has one point in particular to make, " It is not possible," he says, " to sail the sea in a small boat without believing in a protecting, even guiding providence."

It is easy to think of Sicily as an island of summer and winter sunshine, to reflect perhaps on its past record of turbulence, and to forget completely its many ills stemming from an unplanned agricultural economy and an unregulated water supply. Danilo Dolci, who roused complacent consciences throughout the world with his first book on the present plight of Sicily, follows it up with a second document, THE OUTLAWS OF PARTINICO (Macgibbon and Kee. 25s.). The architect author, who has lived among the poor and dispossessed since he went south some eight years ago, sets down in detail aspects of the daily life of people in town and country. It is a story of appalling waste of manpower and material resources, of degradation and governmental complacency. *The Outlaws of Partinico* is translated from the Italian by R. Monroe.

J. C. Pollock, a young parson with an adventurous spirit and a wife who shares his enthusiasms, set out in 1958 to survey the Asian world and the present state of missionary work and the Christian churches. EARTH'S REMOTEST END (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is the record of this journey in which Mr. and Mrs. Pollock found, to their surprise, the emptiness of non-Christian faiths in the face of the modern Asian world. Their firm conclusion: " Many people of Asia are wide open to the Gospel."

Irving Penn has been photographing people, places and objects with a penetrative and intuitive eye for the past seventeen years. He has now brought together some vintage samples of his varied output in a lavish and delightful volume entitled MOMENTS PRESERVED (The Bodley Head. £5 5s.). The chapter headings indicate the scope and variety of this photographic anthology, ranging from Picasso's Barcelona to Christmas in Cuzco, and a New York Scrapbook.

Three new titles have just been added to the Fortnight Holiday Series, A FORTNIGHT ON THE COASTS OF SOUTH-WEST FRANCE, by A. de M. Beanland; A FORTNIGHT IN SWEDEN, by C. E. Waller; and A FORTNIGHT IN ISRAEL, by Gordon Cooper. They are published by Percival Marshall and each costs 5s. Practical guidance for the traveller is the keynote of all three booklets.

R. C. E.

American South well myself and therefore I can't tell whether Mr. Faulkner's is an accurate reconstruction of it or whether one should believe in it. What I do know is that one can scarcely help believing in Mr. Faulkner's own kind of American South, whether it approximates the truth or not, because that is the kind of writer he is. It is a part of his power that he should convince in spite of the wild improbabilities of his choice of names for places and people and the unlikely behaviour of some of his major characters. William Faulkner and his novels are a very real part of the American literary scene and, as such, practically demand to be read.

One of the latest of Tennessee Williams's plays to be produced on Broadway is SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.), and until plans are made for staging it over here we can study the script as published in this form. The setting is a slightly baroque old hotel in one of the small places on the Gulf coast of Florida, and one of the principal characters is a young man, dissipated and by certain standards dishonourable. He comes back to his home town to find his mother recently dead, his former girl engaged to a former friend and the general atmosphere about as warm and welcoming as the windward side of an iceberg. The dialogue is as brilliant as ever, many of the ideas as startling and provocative and I, for one, look forward enormously to seeing it.

BACK TO LIFE (Collins. 15s.) is a thriller: an odd one and a good one, by Mr. Jonathan Wade. The setting is London, the style genuinely elegant and its reading is recommended. SEE NAPLES AND DIE (Collins. 15s.), by Mr. John Davies, is less polished but at least as adventurous—Naples, Capri and smuggling in a big way.

Vernon Fane

IN A ROYAL IGLOO

It is strange that the dullest and least intellectual court in Christendom can still evoke our interest and revive glamour after all that has been written about it, by Queen Victoria herself, and by her servants. It was not only deadly dull, it was deadly cold and tiring for Household and Ministers. The latter would have preferred an igloo to Balmoral. The Household were often mere ushers, who spent hours on end on their feet, bored, cold and terrified, too. From the Prince downwards, the Queen inspired awe, in all her family and Household; and only the ineffable Brown and the detested Munshi dared take liberties. In Mary Lutyens's LADY LYTTON'S COURT DIARY (Hart-Davis. 30s.) there is little that is new. It covers the last six years of the reign. Long since, Henry Ponsonby, in letters to his wife, painted the essential picture, and his son, Fritz, etched it with acid. But so neatly, and with such full and accurate notation, has Miss Lutyens edited the diaries that she has produced a useful source for the social historian of the last years of the reign. Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace still possess a large unused stock of ¼-in. mourning stationery, in use since 1861.

All communications from room to room were in writing, in the third person. There was great extravagance, in personnel no less than in stationery, in the Royal Mausoleums. Honours and rewards for courtiers were rarer in those days. The death of Prince Henry of Battenberg—one more black anniversary—inspired the Victorian Order, though the V.C. was more appropriate until 1901.

Had the Queen evoked less awe, she might have enjoyed some of the hearty laughs she revelled in; but all sense of humour was frozen in her Court and she was forced to promote Dr. Reid to her table, lest those "below the salt" should enjoy the laughter denied *her*. Posterity gets the lion's share, tempered with admiration for an indomitable old autocrat.

John Gore

Craig-y-Nos Castle, at the head of the Swansea Valley, was once the home of Adelina Patti and is now a hospital. It contains the small theatre she built for herself, which is seen in the centre

Stage curtain—the charioteer is said to be Madame Patti

ADELINA PATTI'S PRIVATE THEATRE

This year marks the centenary of Adelina Patti's debut on the operatic stage in London—on May 14, 1861 she sang Amina in *Sonnambula* at Covent Garden; from then the soprano's career was a succession of triumphs. At her home in Craig-y-Nos she built a small theatre in which she gave private performances. Here Mr. Wyn Morris, the assistant conductor of the Welsh National Opera Company, hopes to initiate this year an annual festival, on the lines of Glyndebourne. The theatre has been maintained in its former splendour by the Glantawe Hospital Board, which administers Craig-y-Nos as a geriatric hospital.

Inside the theatre, Mr. Wyn Morris, who hopes to hold an annual festival at Craig-y-Nos, is flanked by Dr. Ivor Williams, the Hospital Superintendent (left), and Mr. David Mansel-Lewis

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

George Cole

Elected the chairman of Unilever Limited last year, at the age of fifty-four, Mr. Cole joined the company in 1923 as a junior clerk. He has been photographed on the balcony of his office at Unilever House, in Blackfriars. George Cole was born in Singapore and educated at Raffles School. His boyhood in the cosmopolitan city left its mark on his international outlook and his interests in Eastern and Far Eastern affairs and languages. After joining Unilever, Mr. Cole served in all the main departments of The Niger Company and The United Africa Company Limited, of which he became a director in 1945. A long association with the West African trade, at a time when The United Africa Group was extending its interests, gave him an intimate knowledge of commerce in the area and an understanding of the aspirations of West Africa. In 1948, Mr. Cole joined the boards of United Africa's parent company, Unilever, and its Dutch sister-company, Unilever N.V. From 1952 till 1955 he served as joint managing director of The United Africa Company, and then spent a year or so on the Continent, studying Unilever's European business. On his return to London in 1956 he was appointed vice-chairman of Unilever Limited. Always greatly interested in ships and shipping, Mr. Cole from 1952-1955 was chairman of Palm Line Limited, a subsidiary of U.A.C., which owns a fleet of ocean-going vessels, plying mainly between European ports and the African west coast. In the course of his activities as chairman, he travels thousands of miles a year in Europe, the United States and the Far East. Mr. Cole is also a director of the Finance Corporation for Industry Limited. He is married, with a son and a daughter, and lives in Kensington

NEW MEN IN COAL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

At the beginning of next month one of the most controversial—and most important—appointments in industrial management made during the past year comes into effect: the Rt. Hon. Alfred Robens, P.C. and ex-M.P., takes over as chairman of the National Coal Board. Sir James Bowman, who was created a baronet in the New Year Honours, is retiring after five years' service as chairman of the Coal Board, which was preceded by several years as a divisional chairman in the industry, and many years before that as a leading figure in the National Union of Mineworkers. His successor has no such lifetime in coal behind him: he was Parliamentary Secretary, Fuel and Power, in the last Labour government, and in Opposition was his party's chief debater on fuel matters, but he has been primarily a politician, with some experience as an adviser on labour relations to large-scale private business. It was as a politician that he was appointed—by a political opponent, Mr. Richard Wood, Conservative Minister of Power—and the appointment caused a good deal of heart-searching within the coal industry and scepticism outside it.

The job of chairman of the coal industry, in mid-1960, cannot have been one for which candidates were actually thronging to present their claims to the Minister. Sir James Bowman, who was singled out by the Fleck Committee in 1955 as the most able senior executive in the industry and shortly after appointed as chairman of the board, had but a year or two with the industry in the circumstances for which he was picked to lead it—i.e., under great pressure of demand, needing to speed up its reconstruction and push output up to obviate heavy imports of coal and recourse to nuclear energy and vast amounts of extra oil.

By mid-1956 the industry's demand was beginning to fall away, at first for small coal but later for coal of every kind; even the shortage of oil after the Suez incident only temporarily checked the decline, which became pretty rapid between 1957 and 1959. Sir James's task altered: it became that of conducting a forced retreat, cutting back production in Britain's coal mines without doing too much harm to the capacity of the industry—both its physical capacity in actual pit workings and the human capacity embodied in the morale of its miners.

That task, for a man whose heart was bound up in the fortunes of British mining and British miners, must have been an agonising one: Sir James has carried it through with single-mindedness and great dignity. The industry has closed down some 135 of its high-cost mines, involving reduction of its labour force by 115,000 miners; it abolished the Saturday working that had been general in the mines up to 1957; it has tended to concentrate work, within the 700 or so mines still operating, on those seams and workings from which it gets the most efficient output. These measures did not bring output down as fast as consumption fell; during the three years of cutting back, the board's stocks of coal at mines and opencast sites—where production was cut back most of all—rose to about 37,000,000 tons of coal, quite apart from the stocks that merchants and consumers ordinarily hold.

Volunteers from outside to take over this responsibility cannot have been numerous. One of the hardest tasks that Conservative governments have inherited from their opponents, in any case, is the appointment of chairmen to the boards of the nationalised industries. These are short-term appointments, not very well paid, to head whole industries that in terms of turnover and employment are much larger than all but one or two private firms; very few of these industries are prospering; and the job of running them, is inevitably bound up in politics and moreover conducted in a glare of publicity regarding their detailed day-to-day administration that no private businessman anywhere is used to. Conservatives often regret that these industries are not run by businessmen; but many factors—including the attitudes occasionally of their own Ministers and always of their backbenchers—conspire to make it unlikely that any businessman would ever accept appointment.

In the event, last summer, Mr. Wood appointed Mr. Robens. Sir James was not the only key director departing; Sir Joseph Latham, deputy-chairman of the board, who it had long been assumed would take over in his stead, was forced to seek a less demanding job because, quite simply, he had worked himself into a state of health where he could not continue carrying the main administrative responsibility of the industry. Mr. Humphrey Browne who, as the board's director-general of production in its early years after nationalisation, had been largely responsible for the national plan of reconstructing Britain's mining industry, and had later become chairman of its West Midlands division, was appointed in his stead; one of the industry's outstanding mining engineers to run in harness with a major politician. Mr. Robens joined the board in September as a deputy-chairman, to give him a few month's acquaintance with the industry before taking over from Sir James Bowman. Under these two changes at the top there have been a number of other appointments to the board and to key executive positions beneath it; Mr. Robens will be leading quite a team of new men in coal.

What is the state of the industry he is taking over? On the face of it, a little happier than a year ago; it might be that he has taken over from Sir James just after the nadir of its fortunes, though it is much too early to be confident. For one reason or another, the decline in coal consumption was finally reversed last year; the board managed to sell 4 per cent. more coal than in 1959, about 205,000,000 tons in all. It did not increase current production of coal—though it has again been recruiting new labour in all divisions, after a period in which it cut out recruitment of everyone but juveniles joining the industry from school. It met the extra demand by selling some of the coal from its mountains of stocks, which had been so large a financial as well as physical burden during the years of recession. These came down by nearly 7,000,000 tons between the end of 1959 and the end of 1960—allowing the Coal Board, incidentally, to repay to the Government about £30,000,000 of the money that it had borrowed to finance them.

Nobody is too sure just why this turn in coal consumption took place last year; that is to say, why it did not take place in 1959. For it was in 1959 that the big upsurge in industrial production took place in Britain; but in that year of recovery into boom consumption, not only of coal but of all fuels in Britain, did not recover at all. There was a steady growth of oil consumption, to be sure; but up to 1959 consumption of raw coal and of certain coal-based fuels such as gas went on falling more than enough to offset this. An economy in a state of boom which manages to use less fuel than in a minor recession two years before is a phenomenon to gladden the heart of experts in fuel efficiency—and the work of the National Industrial Fuel Efficiency Service over the period must have had something to do with this. But it is a pretty disconcerting phenomenon for anyone running a fuel business, who may well ask what does have to happen to the economy to make it consume more fuel.

On the evidence of 1960, one might be tempted to answer, "The economy needs to stop expanding—and have some colder weather at just the right times." For since the spring, industrial production has not been rising significantly in Britain; perhaps it was a dismal summer and early autumn, as against the heat waves of 1959, that increased consumption of all fuels quite sharply, and even jerked up demand for coal. The result, in any case, has been that Sir James Bowman is handing over to Mr. Robens at Hobart House with the industry in a somewhat happier state at the beginning of this year than most people in coal would have been confident it could be. The miners and other trade unionists, for example, have been propounding "national fuel policies" to the Government for some years now; few would have guessed that the line that the Trade Union Congress was able to take in a meeting with the Minister of Power a week or two ago would be that the country may soon face a shortage of mining manpower.

Manpower, whether short or not in any genuine sense, is the characteristic problem of the industry that Mr. Robens has been appointed to lead. This is an industry in which human effort plays a bigger part than in almost any other; in spite of the vast amount of money and ingenuity that has been poured into mechanising his work, the miner is generally doing physically arduous and wearing work as well as doing it in most uncomfortable and hazardous circumstances. A considerable proportion of coal is still "won" by hand; the physical conditions in different seams vary so sharply that no one form of mechanisation serves for all, and many seams of relatively valuable coal cannot effectively be mechanised at all. In accounting terms, the result of this is that labour accounts for about 60 per cent. of mining costs; and this makes the industry most vulnerable both to lack of key manpower in particular pits and districts and to the inevitable pressure of the National Union of Mineworkers to exploit this bargaining advantage.

The miners won a large increase in wages last summer—which was largely responsible for an increase approaching 10 per cent. in the price of most types of coal. They have since announced another claim for higher wages. The nature of their work, and the memory of the bad times they have had in the past, preserve for this particular set of trade unionists a good deal of public sympathy. But when they couple these recurrent claims—upon an industry that has been going through years of being unable to sell enough of its product even at present prices—with requests for protection against competition by the restriction of imports of fuel oil, the consumer is entitled to feel they merely want to guarantee themselves employment plus a steadily more affluent spare time. The Government, sensibly, has been unwilling to ensure them anything of the sort at the cost of putting up everybody else's fuel bills.

Mr. Roben's task will be primarily, perhaps, to reconcile the claims of the two bodies of people on which the coal industry is most dependent—the consumers and the miners. His marketing department is already showing a certain new flexibility in dealing with its customers, large and small; taking the line that if cheap coal is no longer the Englishmen's birthright, at least he is entitled to a good fuel and good service for the high prices he now has to pay. In dealing with his large, rather obstreperous band of partners, the coal miners, this Labour politician will have to persuade them that the industry's future may rest mainly on keeping those prices steady and improving the fuel and service this industry has to offer. For if coal does not, other fuel industries will.

BOATS ON SHOW

By **GABOR DENES**

Looking at Earls Court to-day it is hard to believe that this is only the seventh Boat Show in London. I well remember how delighted were yachtsmen and boat-lovers generally seven years ago with the first show. We all admired the courage of its organisers, the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation, for taking such a bold step, although we realised the great value of sponsorship by a popular newspaper such as the *Daily Express*.

That first show was exciting, and I would not like to describe it as scrappy, but it was a modest beginning compared to this year's show, which has not only grown in size to become the largest of its kind in the world, occupying two complete floors of vast Earls Court, but now has all the glamour and polish that a big international show can possibly have. It is called international for the first time, but even this new adjective does not reflect fully the stature the Boat Show has reached in its seventh year. A most remarkable achievement.

The first general impression is brilliant. Exhibits have been arranged in logical groups, and no longer are they mixed up regardless of their nature. Most of the larger craft are concentrated in the well of the hall, and the view over the many tall spars and sails towards the centrepiece, the " harbour " of the Riviera village, makes a very pleasing and harmonious composition.

I cannot think how the boats chosen to lie afloat in this harbour pool were selected, but they do present a very interesting cross section. Blondie Hasler's *Jester*, second in the single-handed transatlantic race last summer, catches the eye with her extraordinary, but most ingenious, Chinese lug rig. (The winning boat, Francis Chichester's *Gipsy Moth III*, is also there, outside the main entrance.)

The 30-ft. racing keelboat *Zest*, designed by Jack Holt, who has never designed a keelboat before, but is the father of a great many centreboard racing dinghy classes, is one of the few complete surprises of the show, and one of its unquestionable highlights. She is presented by *Yachting World*, the magazine which has sponsored a whole series of craft suitable for amateur construction, and *Zest* is significant for being the first serious, racing keelboat to meet this qualification. She is bound to attract many keen yachtsmen who are longing to have a keelboat to race with a performance similar to those classic classes, the 6 metres, 5·5 metres and Dragons, but cannot afford their cost, which ranges between £2,000 and £7,000. *Zest* can be built by amateurs for £600 complete with sails, and should not be much over the £1,000 mark when professionally produced by a yard.

Also in the pool—to single out one more—is the shiny and elegant 36-ft. twin-diesel-engined motorcruiser *Monaco*, by Morgan Giles Ltd., which fits the Mediterranean surroundings to perfection.

The green-shuttered, brightly-coloured " village " between the pool and the giant backcloth has real shops in it. You can buy the smartest yachting clothing at the Foredeck, or at Henry Hall Ltd., you can get help from the Boating Advice Bureau or watch a small boatbuilding yard in operation. There is no bistro on this quayside, unfortunately, but one might pay a hopeful call at the premises of Martini, the firm whose interests are not entirely restricted to sport and trophies.

There are many fine yachts in this large hall, but I must be satisfied with mentioning only a few here. The most beautiful craft in the whole exhibition is the 30-ft. waterline, 17-ton yawl designed and built by McGruer and Co. Ltd. who are exhibiting for the first time. She is planked in teak and mahogany and has accommodation for seven; the workmanship matches the fine flow of her lines. Of smaller tonnage but similar waterline length, is *Swan of Beaulieu*, 14-ton sloop, designed by Frederick Parker on the stand of A. H. Moody and Son Ltd., another fine example of what the best British boatyards can do, built under Lloyd's supervision and classified 100 A.1.

A 14-ton auxiliary sloop by A. H. Moody and (right) a 40-ft. motor-sailer by Woodnutt and Co. Ltd.

Of special interest is the glass fibre 38 ft. 6 ins. centreboard yawl, whose hull was moulded in one piece by Halmatic Ltd., to the design of John Alden of Boston, Mass. I am told that twenty-five boats off the same mould have been exported to the U.S.A.

Of the smaller sailing yachts *Blue Charm*, a 24-ft. waterline ocean racer (8 tons T.M.), is of interest, for she is constructed on the cold moulded principle of four layers of thin ply by W. A. Souter of Cowes to the design of Illingworth and Primrose. Lent by her owner, she was raced most successfully during last season, winning among other trophies the Round the Island Race. *Calypso*, also 24 ft. W.L. by A. D. Truman Ltd., is the sea-going, cruising version of a Broads type, which makes use of a hollow keel for housing the auxiliary engine and for providing exceptional headroom for her size.

Among the motor-sailers the 20-ton *Spey* class 50-50 by Jones Buckie Slip and Shipyard Ltd., Buckie, Banffshire (a firm which specialises in fishing vessels and similar craft), stands out for her powerful construction, solid comfort below and craftsmanlike finish. You could not feel safer in any other boat, anywhere. Much more " yachty " in appearance, but equally fine is the motor-sailer built by Woodnutt and Co. Ltd. of St. Helens, I.o.W., *Phylene*, designed by F. Parker.

Hard to fit into any category, but not to be missed is the only Chinese junk ever seen in this country, which has been built in Hong Kong and shipped over by the Hepburn Caravan and Boat Co. Ltd. With an overall length of 24 ft. 6 ins., gaily decorated with dragons and owls and genuine in every unusual detail, she is not shown merely as a gimmick, but is herself for sale, and acts as a prototype inviting orders for junks of all sizes.

Of the motorboats, more numerous than ever before, the *Huntsman*, the latest addition to the ever-growing range of Fairey Marine Ltd. is outstanding. At 28 ft. overall, 3 ft. longer than her stable-mate, the *Huntress*, she provides just that much more comfort in her cabin, with a small galley and lavatory. The side seats and the centre table convert into an enormous double bed. Depending on the type of twin engines fitted, speeds of 28 to 35 knots are claimed. An ideal vessel for two for fast dashes across the Channel, or for lazing in the large cockpit under a Southern sun.

Marine engines of every shape and size abound, diesel is gaining ground over petrol

Jones Buckie's Spey class motor-sailer

Yachting World presents the keelboat Zest

slowly but surely and one day soon we are bound to see the first diesel outboard. A forerunner of this can be seen in the *Woodson 7D*, diesel propulsion unit, a rather clumsy-looking, but none the less effective, step in that direction. The only completely new outboard engine, the *Bundy 500 c.c.*, comes from Italy. Designed by the creator of the Lambretta scooter, it is being shown for the first time. Roughly equivalent in car output to a 30-35 h.p. rating, it is ingeniously conceived, beautifully made, and I like the idea of giving the capacity in c.c.'s instead of the meaningless h.p. figures. It is the first of a complete range of outboard motors of smaller and larger sizes, to be marketed by Lambretta Concessionaires Ltd.

Those who want an absolutely silent outboard will be interested in the first electric one which is on view at the stand of Cata Developments Ltd. The underwater motor is driven by a 12 or 24 volt battery in the boat, which should carry on for 3 to 4 hours on a single charge. In addition to all the needs of the yachtsman, and in fact all who go on or in the water, there are many exhibitors showing ancillary necessities, from brewers to bankers. They each contribute some little thing to make this a sparkling Show.

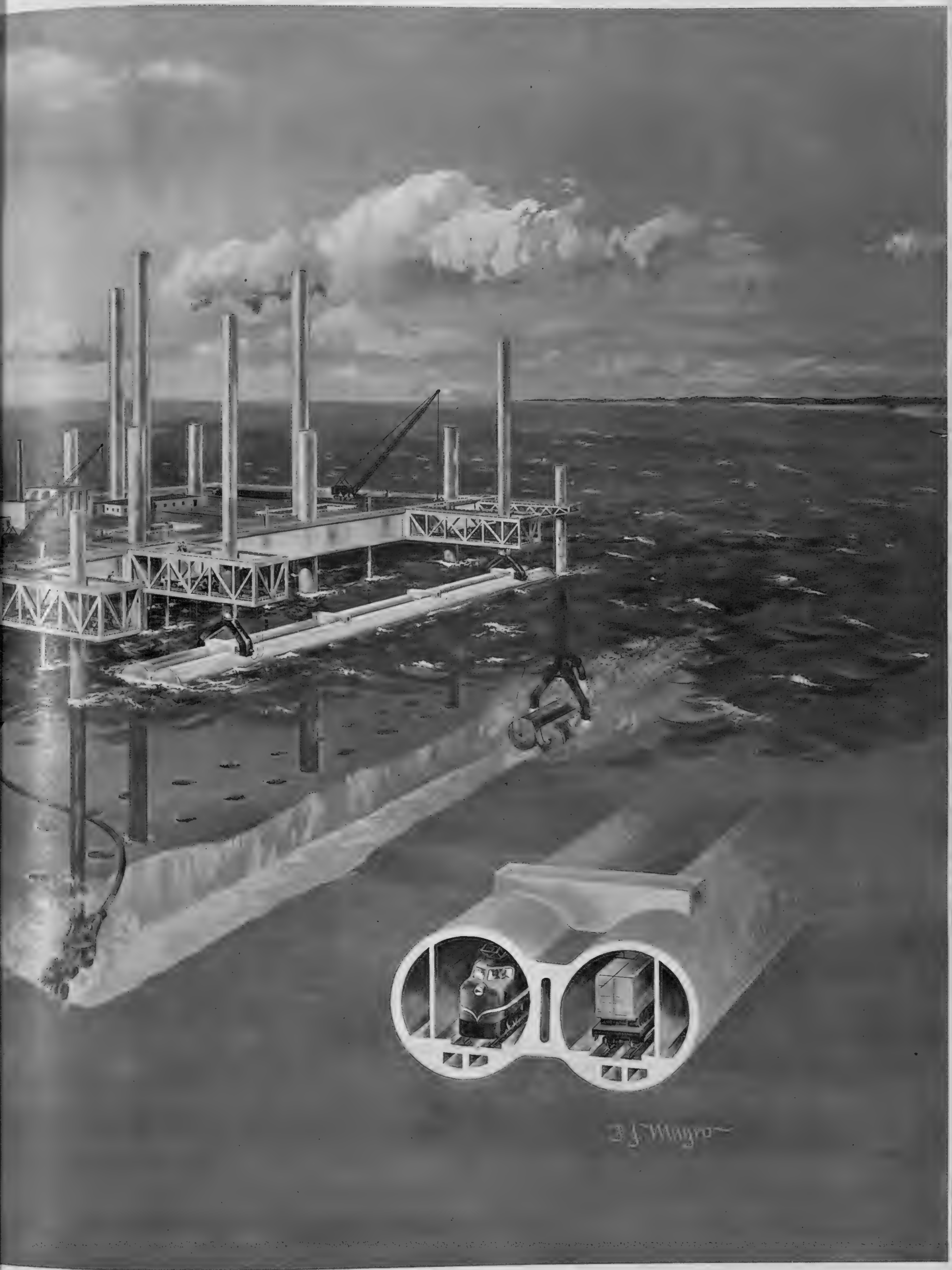
Two aspects of some of the 700 craft in the Boat Show at Earls Court, London, which ends on Saturday, January 14

CHANNEL TUNNEL PROPOSAL

Last summer the Channel Tunnel Study Group, comprising the British and French Channel Tunnel Companies, the Suez Canal Group and Technical Studies Incorporated of New York, submitted proposals to the British and French Governments, outlining two possible methods of constructing such a tunnel—a bored tunnel drilled horizontally 160 ft. below the sea-bed or an immersed tube, using the cut-and-cover principle. These are being studied in both countries: the British Government is expected to make the political decision, whether England should be permanently linked with France, sometime this spring. These tunnel proposals reactivated a number of other suggestions, including a Channel Bridge and a fleet of large Hovercraft. Subsequently a number of engineering organisations in Britain, France and the U.S. offered an immersed tube method of operation, illustrated here. This would utilise an American DeLong type of self-elevating construction platform. The equipment would probably be built in a British shipyard, at a cost of about £3,500,000, and would differ from similar platforms in that it would be able to move under its own propulsion.

In principle the platform is designed to stand on its legs, while carrying out operations in depths of water up to 250 ft., and to withstand high winds and waves. When it is to be moved, the legs are retracted. In the picture can be clearly seen the sequence of operations. In the foreground, equipment is dredging the trench, while at the other end of the platform, the trench containing a laid section of tunnel is being filled in. At surface level a further double section is held ready to be lowered into place. By this method, the tunnel has only to be covered to a depth of about 15 ft. The engineering consortium states that construction could begin within three to six months after Governmental approval, and that the tunnel would be completed in 3½ years.

As can be seen in the illustration, a rail tunnel is proposed, with special flat-cars for carrying road vehicles. (A road tunnel would cost considerably more to construct.) It would take about 4½ hours to make the journey, London to Paris, by electric train. The group say that the total cost of the tunnel, including terminals, would be about £130,000,000 and that this money would come from private finance. The consortium for the cut-and-cover tunnel is Richard Costain Ltd.; Enterprises Campenon Bernard; Peter Kiewit Sons Company; Raymond International Inc.; DeLong Corporation; Healy Tibbitts Construction Co.; Macco Corporation; Tavares Construction Company: and Kaiser Engineers and Constructors, Inc.



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

ROOM FOR INNS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

It is probably a residue of puritanism with its contempt for pleasure and comfort that makes us justify any improvement in our lot by reference to foreign visitors who are, by implication, considered effetely demanding. We thus tend to condemn inadequate transport, slovenly service, and even bad manners among public servants, not as evils which should be remedied for our sake but because of the foreign tourists. These visitors are largely a post-war influx, increasing in numbers each year and bringing not only welcome currency but an equally welcome incentive to the raising of hotel and catering standards. Last year more than 1,600,000 visitors from overseas came to Britain and spent about £200,000,000 here, not counting shopping expeditions. That was about double the number and more than double the money counted in 1953. The visitors were, of course, not all tourists, for industrial growth and a fair level of prosperity tends to send businessmen hurrying about the world.

The hotel companies, here as well as across the Atlantic, became increasingly aware during the 1950's that in Britain hotel accommodation was grossly inadequate. It was a fact would-be guests had long observed. Until four years ago only three major hotels had been built since the war—the Tavistock and Westbury in London and the Leofric in Coventry. Even now, with several new hotels opened, there is an estimated shortage of several thousand rooms throughout the country. As a result a minor boom in hotel building has developed. A year ago the Skyway, owned by Seaway Hotels of Toronto and costing £750,000, was opened at London Airport. Later in 1960 the Londoner in Welbeck Street (formerly the Welbeck) was opened after being refitted, and others in the provinces were completed.

This week the new £500,000 Hotel Ariel at London Airport is opened, having been unofficially visited by the Queen last month. It is owned by Strand Hotel Ltd. (controlled by the J. Lyons group). The Carlton Tower in Cadogan Place, owned by Edgar Investments, also opened this month. Other hotels being built include the London Hilton in Park Lane, a joint Charles Clore and Hilton enterprise, the President in Russell Square, of Imperial London Hotels, the Piccadilly in Manchester, being built by Bernard Sunley Investments and E. Alec Colman Investments, and the Dragon in Swansea, owned by Trust Houses.

These schemes are adding nearly 3,000 rooms to the total available and unless the stream of overseas visitors, not to mention British guests, swells considerably in the coming years, the hotel business may have to fight hard for custom. Sir Samuel Salmon, chairman of Strand Hotel, showed an awareness of this a week or so ago when he said: " We cannot expect either visitors or Londoners to make their way to our hotels as a matter of course. They choose, out of a widening range, the places which best suit their tastes and their budgets and our basic policy must be firstly to see that our establishments satisfy these criteria and secondly that they are well known to the public we seek to attract." The Strand group includes the Strand Palace, Regent Palace and Cumberland hotels and over the years has shown an impressive profit record. Earnings last year were nearly £600,000, an increase of about 30 per cent. over 1959. London's two most famous hotels are probably the Savoy and the Ritz, yet their fortunes have differed remarkably. The Savoy group, which includes Claridge's, the Berkeley, the Connaught, and Simpson's in the Strand, has doubled its earnings to well over £1,000,000 since 1953 when it escaped the take-over net, cast by Mr. H. Samuel. The Ritz, augustly dominating the south side of Piccadilly, has seen its profits slide from £274,000 in 1956 to under £100,000.

One of the most dynamic hotel groups is Grand Hotels (Mayfair) which owns the Washington in Curzon Street, the Mandeville, the Green Park and others. Associated Hotels is another group that has expanded rapidly in recent years. It owns a chain of smaller hotels, including the Eccleston in Pimlico, the Shaftesbury in Monmouth Street and others in Bayswater and Kensington. After remaining static around £50,000 a year for several years, its profits have recently taken an upward bound. The Piccadilly Hotel, part of R. E. Jones Ltd., is in the extraordinary position of having no identifiable proprietors since it was absorbed into the Lintang Investments group shortly before the Grunwald and State Building Society scandal.

The May Fair Hotel is part of Gordon Hotels, a company riven by strife between board and shareholders who have been dividend-less for thirty years. There have been some signs, however, of a recovery under the present management headed by Lord Keyes. The Dorchester Hotel is owned by Development Securities, controlled by the McAlpine contracting family. Grosvenor House (Park Lane), which has been content to concentrate on its single hotel, has progressively increased its profits over the years and dividends have been cautiously raised. A recent entrant into the hotel business is Express Dairy Co., which last month took over the Spiers and Pond chain of seaside and country hotels and the Chicken Inn restaurants. Trust Houses owns 240 hotels and inns and is planning more hotels, two in London. Its best-known property is Brown's of Dover Street. Profits have risen without interruption over the past ten years and are expected to be near £1,900,000 in the year ending next March. In the era of competition between hotel groups that lies ahead, the strongest will include Savoy Hotels, Grand Hotels (Mayfair) and Grosvenor House (Park Lane).

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The air traveller is rather apt to take for granted the magnificent service provided for him during flight by the best airlines. The amount done for him almost the whole time he is in the air is most impressive, and he feels especially pampered when travelling first class. This is not altogether surprising when you consider that the difference between first-class and tourist fare is substantial, and the extra value lies—apart from a little extra elbow and leg room—in just this service.

All this was brought home to me during a longish flight by BOAC Britannia and the return journey by East African Airways Comet (the latter company is associated with BOAC). Admittedly, getting to the airport from London, hanging about there, going through formalities, with a certain amount of apprehension at the back of your mind is all very tedious. Eventually you reach your seat in the aircraft to face the take-off in a rather poor frame of mind. . . . But, with hardly enough time to recover from the exciting moment and the exhilarating thrill of the sweeping acceleration lifting you into the air, a steward or stewardess is at your elbow, cheerfully offering you part of the service—a magazine to read, writing paper, and a drink of your choice. In due course it is time for dinner or lunch and, preceded by aperitifs and canapés, a five-course meal is served. The napery and cutlery are attractive, the food palatable, the menu carefully balanced and, again, the service is superb.

In this case, we were not given our wine in abominable miniature bottles—I am told they are not used by BOAC at all. But glasses were filled from proper bottles of a white Burgundy, a Claret, and a Champagne Grande Marque, at the correct temperatures, and at the right stages of the meal. The service never flags and only breaks for the night when you have had your brandy or whisky and soda and, with the lights turned off, the hum of the jets lulls you to sleep.

I wanted to find out what goes on behind the scenes to produce this perfect unfailing standard of service offered on airliners rushing about at jet speeds all over the world. I visited the nerve centre at London Airport, called simply " Cabin Services," and was shown around by the Manager, Mr. E. W. Belcher. He is justly proud of the organisation, housed in a large modern building, only fully operational for the last two years, planned with his long experience of the work. At one end all the materials arrive, and at the other special trucks are loaded and depart, each carrying all the food and drink, and the many, many other essential items comprised in " cabin service " assembled ready for the flight of a long-distance airliner. In between there are all the various departments contributing their share. Eric Morrell, whom I had last met at Torquay two years ago, when he was judging entries at the International Gastronomic Festival, is in charge of the most modern and spacious kitchens, with a separate patisserie department, all organised and designed for the needs of the service. Many dishes are prepared and then frozen. This applies if the meal is to be served some hours after take-off. Others are taken on board the aircraft freshly cooked.

Special small electric ovens are filled up here, and merely have to be plugged in on board the aircraft, either to defrost or merely keep the food hot. Menus are so arranged, whenever possible, that hot and cold courses alternate, so that there is time for getting the next course hot. Everything is pre-cooked, but this is so well done that you never get the impression of eating heated-up food. The only foods actually cooked in the air are boiled and scrambled eggs for breakfast. BOAC have a special method for making scrambled eggs, adapted to the use of the airborne electric oven. The result is extremely good, in fact superior to that which emerges from many an earthbound hotel kitchen. I watched literally hundreds of " Grilled Fillets of Scotch Beef " and " Noisettes of Lamb " being trimmed, prepared and cooked; breadrolls being baked and gateaux being expertly iced; looked briefly into the breath-freezing cold rooms, the laundry, the washing up, and all the other ancillary departments concerned with one or other " passenger amenity "; and ended up in the bonded liquor store.

BOAC cabin services provide everything for journeys starting from London. Overseas they have several depots of their own to which the supplies are sent out in bulk, and at other centres catering contractors supply meals according to BOAC standards and menus specified by London. In addition to their own, BOAC also supply cabin services to allied and other airlines. Stewards and stewardesses work from various points on overseas routes, but their duty rosters are always arranged by Mr. Belcher's organisation in London. One can imagine what clockwork precision staffwork is needed to make this gigantic machine of supplies and man- and woman-power work smoothly.

To complete my impressions I was taken to yet another modern building which is devoted to the training of future stewards and stewardesses. Like everything else, this is done with scientific thoroughness. I watched a meal being served by students inside a full-scale mock-up representing a Boeing 707 with its complete galley. I noticed here how multi-racial this steward service is. African, Indian, Chinese, Malayan, Japanese men and girls are sent to London for training to work on the air routes crossing their oceans and territories. The classroom in which a lecture was in progress was an unforgettable sight: an audience of pretty girls of all races and colours listening with rapt attention on their smiling, attractive faces—stewardesses of the future.

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MOTORING

"MINOR" BEST-SELLER

The A.A.'s plans for this year and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

There was a gay little party in London the other night to celebrate the fact that 1,000,000 Morris Minors have been built since this best-seller was first put into production in 1948. Nearly half the total output has been sold abroad and no car has done more than the tough little Minor, with its firm suspension, splendid cornering, extremely willing engine and all-round reliability, to enhance the export reputation of the British motor industry. Designed by Mr. Alec Issigonis, who has since found further expression for his genius in the British Motor Corporation's front-wheel-drive, independently-sprung 850-c.c. models, the Minor was to have had a flat-four engine, with water-cooling, but it was, in fact, fitted with the trusty 918-c.c. side-valve Morris engine which had been in production since 1937.

More than 171,000 Minors with this engine were built in the first four years. Then came the Austin-Morris merger which produced B.M.C., and as part of the corporation's programme of rationalisation the Minor's side-valve engine was replaced by the Austin-built, 803-c.c. o.h.v. unit. In the next four years 322,000 of these 803-c.c. Minors were turned out. The Minor 1000, with a 948-c.c. engine, curved, one-piece windscreen and bigger rear-window, was introduced in 1956. More than 500,000 of this version have been built. The list price of the Minor when it first appeared was £280; to-day it is £416. But, if we have regard for the drop in the purchasing power of the pound, the list price of the present-day Minor is only £254 in relation to what it cost originally.

The Minor has appeared in a variety of forms, including a pretty, timber-framed estate car which has done much to popularise station wagons in this country. Britain now builds dual-purpose cars to meet the needs of almost every purse, and ranging in size from the attractive little Austin Countryman and Morris Traveller versions of B.M.C.'s 850-c.c. model to big, roomy, powerful estate cars like the Ford Zephyr, one of which I tested recently.

What a robust, lively, accommodating pack-horse this is! It is a clever adaptation of the Zephyr saloon to an official Ford specification by Abbott, of Farnham, Surrey, and costs £1,170, including tax. You can get a Borg-Warner automatic gear-box for £163 extra or the Letchworth firm's overdrive unit if you are willing to add £60 to your cheque. Even when the back seat has been folded down and the car's enormous carrying capacity is being fully exploited, the 2,553-c.c., 6-cylinder engine performs admirably, developing 85 b.h.p. at 4,400 r.p.m. The large rear-door is hinged at the side and opens wide to facilitate loading. There is an elegant, built-in roof rack for the odds and ends which it is sometimes difficult to accommodate even in a station wagon with the Zephyr's carrying capacity.

The A.A. has big plans for 1961. By Easter it will be experimenting with 850-c.c. radio-equipped Austin Minivans, which it will use as patrol service cars to see if they are a suitable replacement for the motor-cycle-and-sidecar outfits which have given such splendid service over the years. One obvious advantage is their greater carrying capacity. Another is the better weather protection they afford.

Meanwhile, as if emphasising the cautiousness of their approach to this proposed change, the Association has ordered 300 new motor-cycle road-service outfits with windscreens, and sidecars made from lightweight glass fibre. The A.A. is also to buy fifty new lightweight solo motor-cycles for use on busy main roads, especially those leading to the sea, at holiday times. There will soon be a total of sixty-eight patrol service centres, mostly in permanent buildings and each with its own team of radio-equipped patrols working along roads within a radius of about 12 miles.

A "Kenekar" boot conversion is now available for the Ford Popular. As with the Kenekar Anglia conversion, it employs estate car technique. The cushion of the rear seat is hinged at its leading edge to lift upwards and the squab is hinged at its base to fold forward and down to form a floor. The rear bulkhead is removed and this part of the car strengthened. Normal boot capacity is increased from 12 to 17¼ cub. ft. With the rear seats folded, a load space of 36 cub. ft. is available, with a flat floor 4 ft. 10 ins. long and with a maximum width of more than 4 ft. The conversion costs £31 10s., plus £13 2s. 6d. purchase tax (less in the case of older cars).

One of the design weaknesses of too many British cars is the shape of the seats, which often give too little support for the small of the back, the thighs and the shoulders. I should imagine that many motorists would be glad of the chance to buy special seats of superior design to replace those in cars they like in almost every other respect. An interesting approach to this problem has been made by Microcell Engineering Limited, who are experts in the design of aircraft seats. They are making "tailor-made" seats "based on an anatomical appreciation of the human frame" with armchair comfort, "wings" to give support at the side and sufficient curvature at the back to hold the occupant in place when cornering. Basic price of these seats is £12 10s.

On view in London recently was a new British petrol pump which marks a new approach to the problems of external appearance and mechanical design. It was a new Meteor built by the Wayne Tank and Pump Company, who claim to have pioneered the use of kerbside dispensers, to replace the old two-gallon can, in 1923. The Meteor, which has been in use overseas for six months, will bring an attractive new silhouette to Britain's filling stations. The dial is on a level with the eye of a driver sitting in his car and at night it is brilliantly illuminated with fluorescent lighting. In one form of the new pump, the petrol flow is automatically switched off according to the quantity—up to 10½ gallons—set on the dial by the pump attendant.

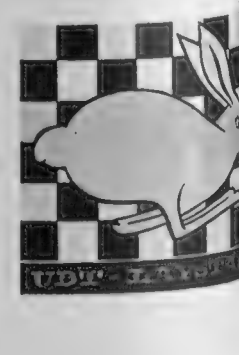
I am looking forward to trying out the new German-built Ford Taunus 17M, which has been completely restyled and has important mechanical changes, including a modified suspension system. The styling, which has an oval theme, resembles that of the American Ford compacts, though this was not referred to in a recent description by the chief designer, Mr. Wesley Dahlberg, of the principles which guided him in evolving this attractive car.

An explanatory note which accompanied Mr. Dahlberg's statement said the new 17M was conceived at a time when automobile styling seemed to be in the doldrums, with the appearance of mass-produced European cars tending to fall into a stereotyped pattern. This is obviously an allusion to the fact that since B.M.C.'s 1½-litre, sharp-edged Pinin Farina range appeared, important new models by Fiat of Italy and Peugeot of France have both been given the same "look" under the influence of Pinin Farina.

The new Taunus is a refreshing attempt to get away from the crisp, squarish, Pinin Farina lines. It has a flowing, aerodynamic shape which Ford of Cologne say reduces drag by 20 per cent., increases the top speed by 6 m.p.h. and improves fuel mileage by 2 per cent. There is a low bonnet-line, the bumpers are upswept and the headlamps are oval (with provision for American-style dual lighting). The 17M is available as a two-door or four-door saloon or as an estate car with a choice of 1·5-litre or 1·7-litre engines (each with four cylinders), and alternative gear-boxes with three or four ratios and with synchromesh on all gears in each case. There are no greasing points. All have been replaced by permanently lubricated bushes or sealed bearings.

Briefly. . . . Reconditioned engines and clutch assemblies are now available for Ford's Mark II Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac models . . . . The Dagenham firm also announces a new push-button radio for their Anglias and Prefects and the Escort and Squire estate cars. Price 29 gns., including tax. . . . Car ferries operated from Dover by the British, French and Belgian Railways will be able to handle 5,500 cars every twenty-four hours during the summer peak this year. . . . Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom were presented by Donald Healey and John Sprinzel with a pair of fine Michael Turner paintings of the Austin Healey 3000 in which they won the Liège-Rome-Liège rally outright.

A rear view of Ford of Germany's Taunus "Turnier" station wagon



This golden hare emblem on a chequered background has been adopted for the racing team which the United Dominions Trust is backing this year through their Laystall subsidiary. The U.D.T./Laystall team will race Lotus cars exclusively. Drivers in the team include Stirling Moss, Cliff Allison and Henry Taylor

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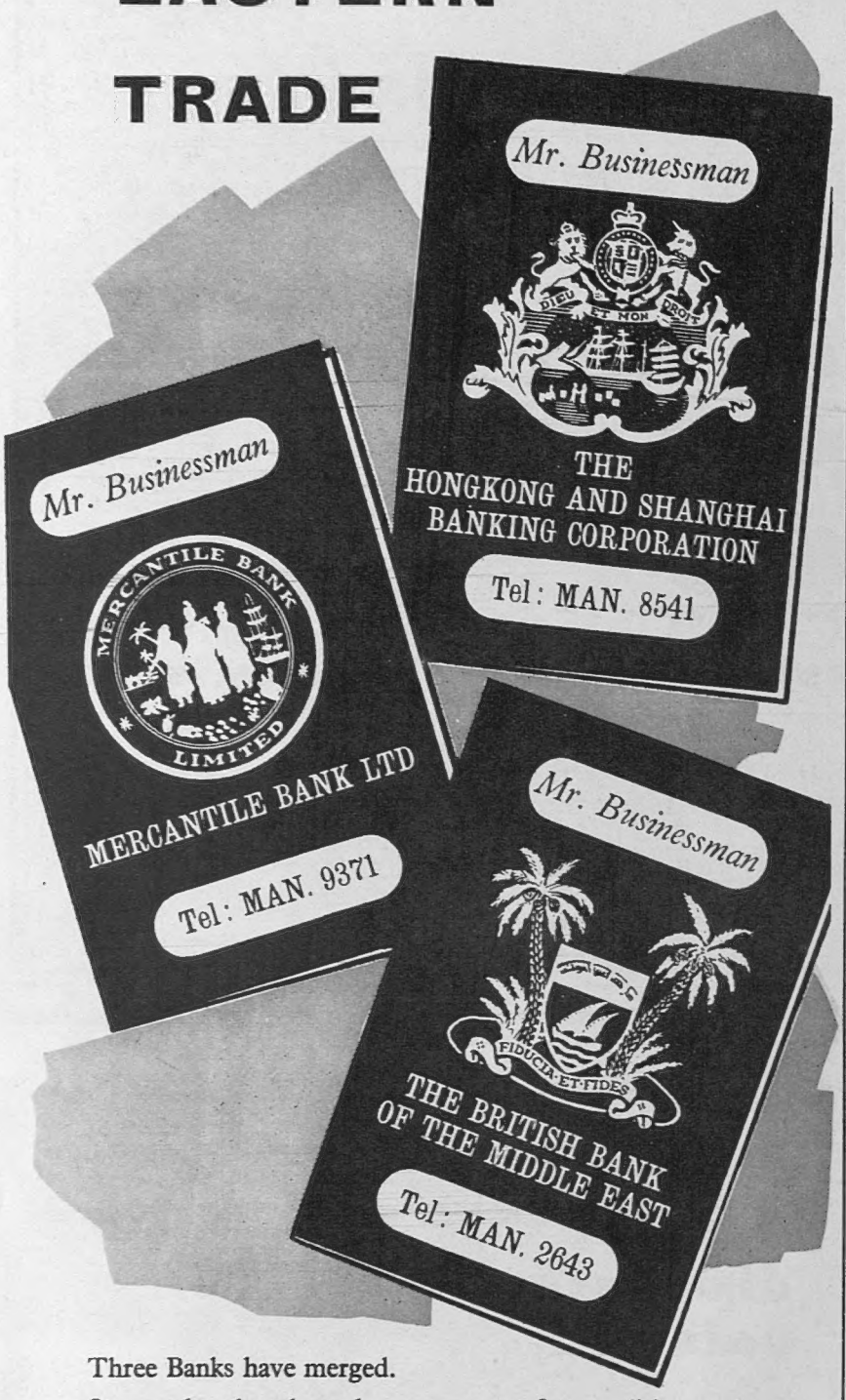

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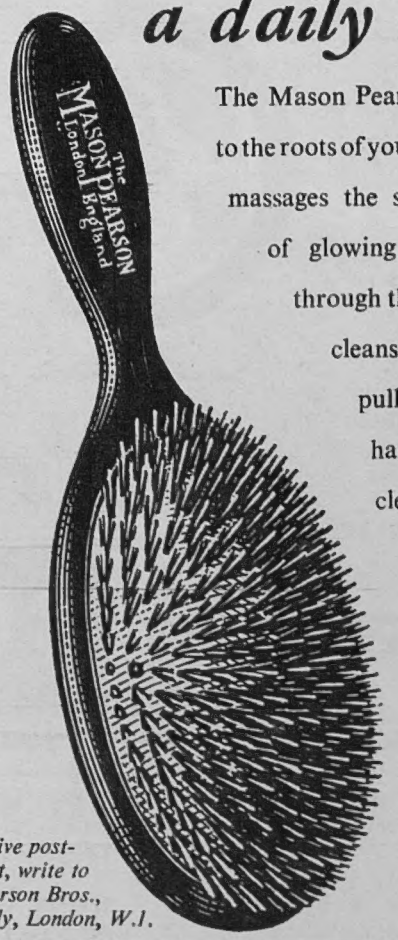

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

WEATHER VAGARIES are hazards that travellers must be prepared to face the world over. Those visiting the West Indies may encounter a typhoon, winter sport enthusiasts have their spirits dampened by lack of snow or a surfeit in the form of avalanches. My apologies for ventilating such forebodings at the commencement of a New Year, but I pen this in early December when both in Britain and elsewhere we have experienced rainfall in excess of anything since records were first kept; perhaps the most prolonged deluge since the Flood !

Yet I am by no means despondent. By the law of averages we may look forward in 1961 to a delectable spring, a sun-tanning summer and in the Fall, a golden autumn.

Whatever the weather vagaries—and we still have winter to get through—I want to make this point. British hotels, by and large, are the most comfortable in the world, because they have been designed to contend with the many climatic changes that we experience week by week and even day by day.

Of course, I am fully aware that there are some holiday hotels only open during the summer months where lounge space is too limited should there be a wet spell, but these are no worse than many Continental hotels I have stayed at which have provided nowhere to sit except in a bar or restaurant.

In lauding British hotel comfort I am happy in the knowledge that whatever the weather conditions are without, I can travel from any part of Britain to another and be sure of comfort, warmth and the right kind of food and liquid refreshment to face with resolution the hazards of the road.

During the last twelve years or so, there has been a tremendous upgrading in British hotel standards and I now have the answer to anyone who fires at me a challenging question, such as the late Barry Neame once did. "Tell me," he said, "one decent place where I can be sure of getting a good meal between here (The Hind's Head, Bray) and Land's End."

My reply to anyone who seeks such information to-day is as follows: STAINES—*The Pack Horse* in Thames Street has earned the coveted rosette for good food. A Simonds hotel. On the A.30. London 18 miles. 14 bedrooms. Tel.: 52041.

SUNNINGDALE—*Sunningdale Hotel.* Tel.: Ascot 208. London 24 miles. Also on the A.30. 10 bedrooms. Another Simonds hotel where good food standards are practised.

BASINGSTOKE—*Red Lion.* Tel : 1271. A Simonds hotel *in the town,* so do not be allured by the by-pass. 16 bedrooms, similar catering standards and plentiful car-parking space at the rear of the hotel. London 47 miles.

Here one proceeds westwards by the A.30 or the A.303. On the A.30 note particularly WINTERSLOW—*The Pheasant.* Tel.: 374. London 79 miles. Salisbury 7 miles. This roadside hotel has been well and truly placed on any gastronomic map of Britain, thanks to its resident proprietor, Mr. W. A. Bowcher. Others already have wind of this delectable bird, so telephone ahead for a table reservation.

SALISBURY can offer a number of comfortable hotels and restaurants for a meal or the night, and the following can be considered. *Haunch of Venison.* Tel.: 202411 (meals only); *Rose and Crown,* HARNHAM, Tel.: 205011; *The King's Arms,* St. John's Street, Tel.: 241311; two comfortable inns under the ægis of Ushers, and the 54-bedroomed *White Hart,* a Trust House.

The Trust House signboard is ever a welcome spectacle, and proceeding westwards on the A.30 *The Pembroke Arms,* WILTON (Tel.: 3127), three miles beyond Salisbury, and *The Grosvenor Hotel,* SHAFTESBURY (Tel.: 2109), are worthy members of the group.

Sixteen miles beyond Shaftesbury brings one to SHERBORNE, where the 30-bedroomed *Digby* (Tel.: 23), while not pretending to cater for the epicurean, does provide warmth, a solid type of old-fashioned comfort, good food and cellar.

Now let us see how the wayfarer is catered for on this A.303 route to the west. For a country alternative to Basingstoke, the small *Beach Arms,* at OAKLEY (Tel.: 210), is worthy of mention. A junior member of the Catering Houses Limited group, one can be sure of good value for money both in catering and accommodation.

Twenty-eight miles on brings us to the *Avon Hotel,* AMESBURY, a charming 20-bedroomed country-house style of hotel, now a member of the Trident Hotels group.

Another 25 miles on brings us to the mellowed Wiltshire township of MERE, where the *Old Ship* (Tel.: 258) is now in full sail, so far as good food and accommodation is concerned. For this, we must thank the catering firm of Goodhew's, who took the hotel over eighteen months ago.

Should you want to stay in or near WINCANTON, turn off for a few miles on the Castle Cary road, which will bring you to *Holbrook House Hotel* (Tel.: 2377), an elegant country house, where Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Taylor have, over a period of years, established an international reputation for good hospitality

The A.303 and A 30 conjoin eight miles on the London side of Honiton. Here the westward-bound travellers have three choices according to their tastes. *Monkton Court Hotel,* MONKTON (Tel.: Honiton 309). A mullion-windowed country house standing back from the A.30 two miles out of Honiton. Open all the year and centrally heated. The two lady owners make transient visitors very much at home and provide meals which reflect the output of the farm.

HONITON—*New Dolphin Hotel.* Tel.: 677. A classic example of an old coaching inn brought up to modern conceptions of comfort and catering. Here first quality *table d'hôte* and *à la carte* meals are available during extended hours. Near HONITON—*Deer Park Hotel* (Tel.: 64), on the Exeter side of the town about a mile off the A.30, quietly and picturesquely situated, catering and comfort are here closely allied.

And these recommendations cover but two-thirds of the journey.

(To be continued.)

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A 35-bedroomed, moderately priced, family hotel—always open, always busy. Sunny, warm, friendly, quietly yet centrally located. Tel.: 264111.

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on the crest of the wave for outstanding food and wine. Private baths and balconies. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Adults only. Inclusive daily terms from 48s. Tel.: 288.

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Holiday or business ? Our situation will suit all. Hunting, golf; close Gloucester, Bristol. First-class cuisine and cellar. Tel.: Amberley 3122.

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in this ancient cathedral city radiates warmth and hospitality. Good English fare and vintage wines in an old-world atmosphere. Tel.: 3055.

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An aristocrat among Cotswold hotels for comfort, service. Tennis, Squash, Golf and famous Arboretum adjoining. Near Wild Fowl Trust. Tel.: 233.

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From a painting by W. Howard Jarvis

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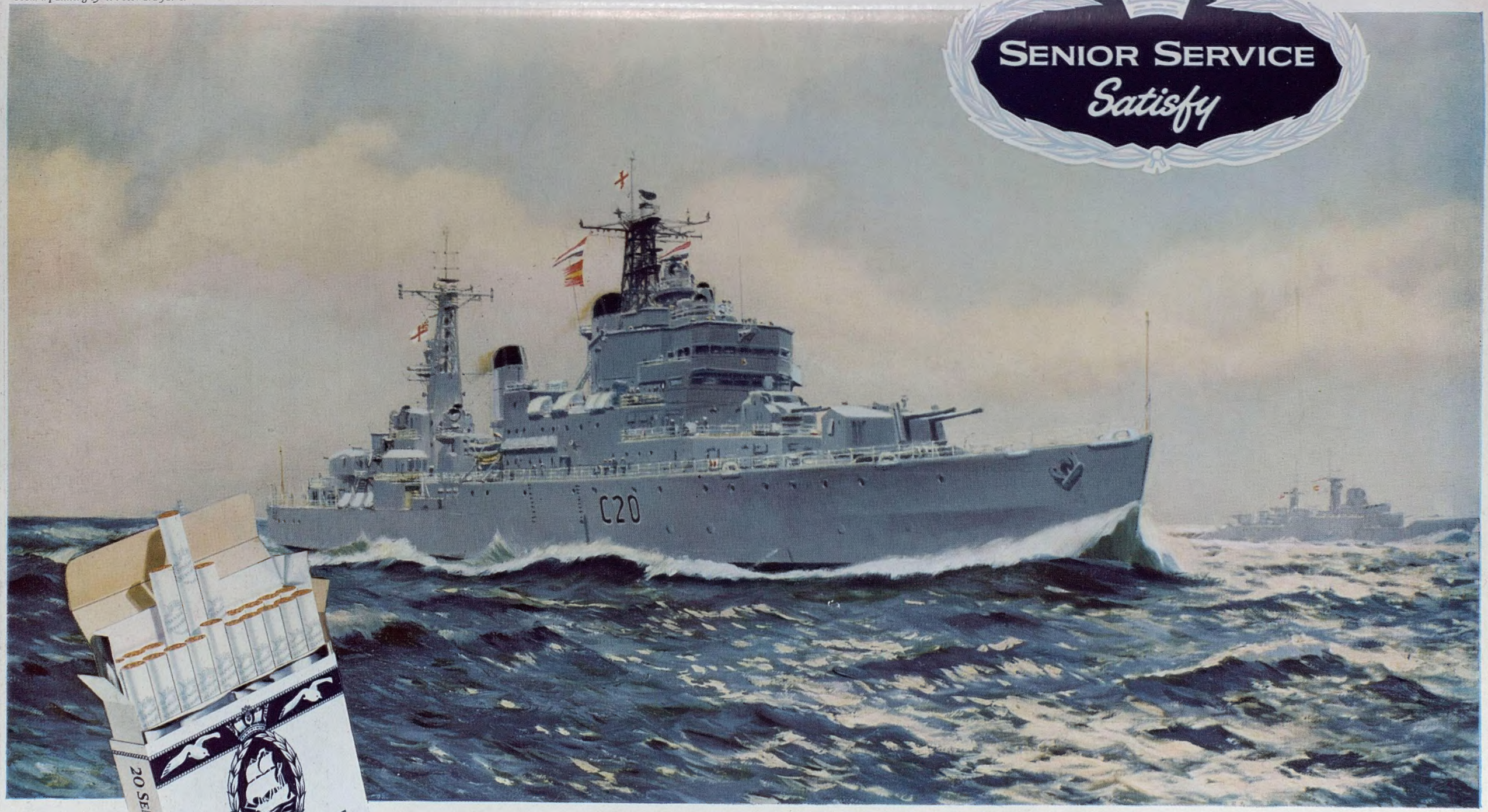

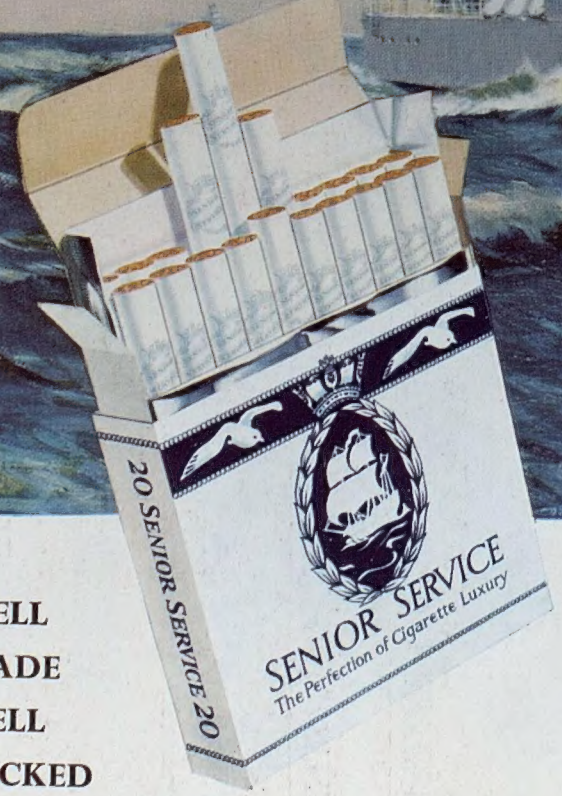

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MADE
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FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

H.M.S. TIGER

H.M.S. TIGER, shown here wearing the flag of the C-in-C Mediterranean, is the twelfth British warship to bear this name. The first TIGER, launched at Deptford in 1546, gained battle honours in the Armada Campaign. The second accompanied Sir Francis Drake on his 1585 voyage to the West Indies.

A TIGER featured in the recapture of Calcutta in 1757 and another saw action at Odessa during the Crimean War. The battle cruiser H.M.S. TIGER was present at the battles of the Dogger Bank and Jutland during the First World War.